CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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Issued Monthly. Price in Canada and Great Britain. $1.50 a year, 15 cents a copy; in the United States, $2.00 a year, 20 cents a copy.

Published by the VANDERHOOF-GUNN COMPANY, LTD., Silvester-Willson Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

London 382 Clarence St. | Toronto 162 Bay Street. | New York City 156 Fifth Ave. | Chicago 1502 Marquette Building.

Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second-class matter.

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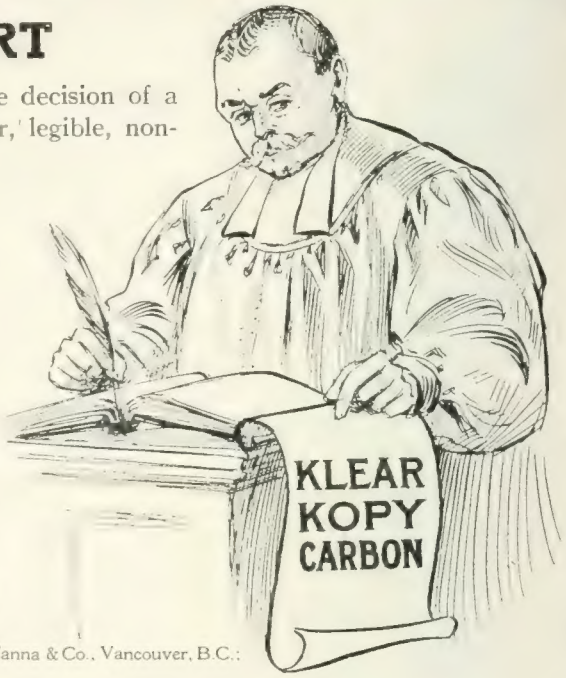

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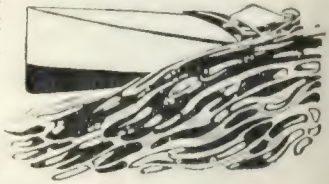


APRIL

BY THOMAS A. DALY

April,
Irish through and through,
Here's my caubeen off to you!
Look you! now my head is bare,
Drop your tears upon my hair.
Weep your fill upon me, then
Warm me with your sun again.
Here's my heart, O! make its strings
Populous with linnets' wings.
So your holy birds are there
Not a ha'porth do I care;
Mute with sorrow, wild with glee,
So they make their home in me.

April,
Dead, forgotten days
Tremble in your dim blue haze;
All the glories of the race
Flicker on your mobile face.
Heroes panoplied for fight
Glimmer in your golden light;
Martyrs, sanctified by pain,
Murmur in your silver rain.
All your smiles and all your tears
Voicing now our hopes and fears,
April, Irish through and through,
Here's my caubeen off to you!

FORBES ROBERTSON ABOUT TO GIVE THE FIRST OF THE THREE SIGNIFICANT KNOCKS THAT ANNOUNCE HIS ENTRANCE IN "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK". NOTICE THE DIFFERENT ARRANGEMENTS THAT WERE TRIED BEFORE MR. ROBERTSON GOT A SATISFACTORY EFFECT

To accompany "Smile I"
See page 403

VOL·XI
NO· 6

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
APRIL

THE DIRECTOR

"Smile!"

"PUT SOME GINGER IN IT — SMILE AS YOU WOULD IF YOU WERE SEEING ME HUNG!" SAYS THE STAGE DIRECTOR, AND THOUGH FRIENDS MAY HAVE VANISHED AND THE PRICE OF SILK STOCKINGS GONE UP, THE CHORUS HAVE TO DO IT

By
Robson Black

Illustrated
with photographs

AND HIS SLAVES

SHOULD you ever attempt to "go on the stage", read up a good work on disguises. Do not under any circumstances try the feat by the regular stage-door of a playhouse, and carefully avoid the garments of a common-place tax-payer. Borrow from a burglar or advise with an usher as to the best means of effecting admission to the mysterious world behind the scenes but—I repeat—beware of the stage door as you value life and dignity.

That night when the Artist and I struggled up a laneway to a tiny incandescent light at the rear of the theatre, we went at the job as we would a civic reception or a delegates' tea—depending on our letters of introduction, our respectable clothes, our correct faces and a personal manner that was quite as nonchalant as a king in a coal hole.

I warn and expostulate against regular stage doors because I take it that all will be guarded as mine was—a bulge-eyed, malignant misanthrope. I shall neither forget nor forgive him.

"Well, what d'ye want? Well, he ain't here! —naw, and y' can't send me with a message. Well, come inside and wait—and y' ain't allowed to smoke

either. Put out that cigarette"——

We had come inside, thus cordially received. The Artist was visibly disturbed by the introductory etiquette to stage-land, for he had never been thus far before. While we awaited the manager's approach he conned the "No Smoking" sign with positive fascination and investigated the laundry advertisement much as an antique dealer sniffs at a dusty miniature. Thus by slow degrees and with some pain to our vanity we edged further and further inward. And in the fullness of time I hitched my chariot to the popular "star", leaving the cad-

averous Corot to say his prayers between the electrician's switchboard and an overhanging precipice.

When we speak of "the stage", we chirp the language of what our schoolmasters used to call the Greatest Common Denominator. Who is there unwitting enough to admit in skilful company that he or she is quite ignorant of what lies northeast of the footlights? Who has not some smattering, however trivial or inane, of the dressing room, the "how" of make-up, the cue, the set

cottage, the centre-right, the act in one, the proscenium, the apron, the property man, the tormentor, the first character woman, or the leading juvenile? These technical trifles are flipped about the average theatre audience as promiscuously as "adagio", "allegro" or "modern French school" are dispensed in a fashionable music hall.

Ah, but we are not behind the scenes to-night to hark to the ding-dong of a dramatic pedagogue. We have come to the one remaining "story" in the world whose bones have not been thoroughly bleached by newspaper publicity—into a land where illusion blinks before our staring eyes, where peasants play the emperor, and kings answer the doorbell, a fraudulent, sophisticated community of disbelieving believers.

From where we are, there is no audience visible; only a series of canvas defiles and hide-and-seek caves. Twenty hand-painted chorus girls trip down the iron stairs and prance over to where we are standing. In a moment they are to shuffle into view of the audience. Meanwhile they stare at the artist and me as if we were a pair of Belasco's inspectors or a contribution for the Zoo. Some are children, many of them matrons, a few pretty, but *all*—all beyond the mark of twenty-two years—have a curious cynical turn to the lips, a tense muscular pull to the features, mute testimonies that tell of heavy labor, abnormal ambitions and growing disillusionment.

There stands George Hobart, the librettist and stage director. This is his thirty-eighth musical comedy, he tells you. Now watch him! He and the show have been only two weeks on the road. Some of the scenes and dances need revamping; they ache for the pruning knife; the comedian's flirtation with the soubrette creaks and groans like a gravel wagon. Hobart is there to fix up all these metaphorical wrongs.

"Now, girls," he whispers, "remember that step!"

The orchestra catches somebody's cue on-stage and bristles into a ragtime. A "broiler" aged eighteen sticks her tongue out at the comedian as she

prances out with the others. And he, a dolorous Jaques, (for half the salaried side-splitters are sad rascals) merely looks bored and gives his putty nose a slight alteration to the left. Hobart meanwhile was amusing himself in the prompt-wing, beating time with a lead pencil and nervously following the turns of his beloved chorus.

A buxom woman, rigged out in a German mother-hubbard, conversed blithely with the property man about a bargain in window blinds at a local departmental—yes, married eleven years; quarreled twice, with a legal separation each time; ultimately pined for her beloved property-man and took him back with tears—there you have their life story in tabloid.

Here comes the soubrette, the name being a synonym for the village cut-up. What her exact office is in musical comedy is perhaps recognized from the fact that she has a singular faith in her vocal ability, and a solemn pity for all other soubrettes. To her is usually given the familiar duty of singing a duet with the throaty tenor. Where these duets originated probably only the zebra and the hippo in Noah's ark could explain.

"Ah, signoreetah," says the man, obviously preparing for a song, "I have dreamt in my dreams of the be-oo-tif-ool isle of perpetual summer."

"Perpetual summer", being a music cue marked on all orchestra sheets, causes the first violins, cellos, and woodwinds to make a strange noise that finds its closest human analogy in the burrowing of a tame bee.

The tenor retires to a bench where he throws his right leg carelessly over a pine knot.

"Beautiful isle where lotus lingers," contracts the soubrette.

"Lot of slingers," obligatos the tenor.

"Never a care for me," she further antagonizes.

"O never a care for thee, for thee," he crescendos amicably, "surely where lot of slingers deer, thar snevver a care for thee."

Not a care? No, not until she reaches the wings and snappily complains to the stage director that life is too brief to stand for an orchestra where all the violins are cymbals and the leader ought to be librarian of a barber-shop quartette. But the stage director, practiced diplomat that he is, soothes her with the assurance that the entire theatre staff shall be dismissed that very evening. When her back is turned he winks at the electrician, mutters "awful stuff, these temperamental women" and goes off about his business. Somehow he forgets to do that firing almost every third night.

When you get back of scenes the usual attitude is of awe-inspired scrutiny, as with a reporter taken into the close confidence of a public magician. You can but feel that what was a perfect garment of illusion has been turned inside out, microscopically exposed, with the bastings, the ragged threads, the shining jewels transmuted back to tin plate; the whole business of imagery sorted into a junk heap.

And yet it is sometimes the case that we gain by losing. In a church scene of "The Piper," a bald-headed actor with a jolly dozen of young women and men chant the Libera of the Roman Catholic Church out of sight of the audience, while the property man stands by to guard his church treasures against theft or removal by the "hired congregation." And yet the beholder of this semi-ludicrous church scene does not feel that it mocks religion nor destroys the dignified bearing of the Libera upon the high emotionalism of the situation.

Standing in the wings of "The White Sister" we see the Monsignor Sarascinesca reproving the impulsive young lover for his jibes at the customs of the church, while the lieutenant hurls defiance back and taunts the priest with cowardice. We stand within three feet of them; the beads of paint are plainly evident upon the hero's eyelids; like a concertina his chest heaves with the burden of his grief. Across the stage and hidden from the people "out front" Viola Allen chats gaily with a sister actress, then at her cue marches dolefully on stage and renounces her lover's claims. She is going to a leper colony as a nurse, she says. To a leper colony? Bless your

A REHEARSAL OF RALPH HERZ' NEW TROUBLE-CHASER, "DR. DE LUXE". SING ONE OF THE MUSICAL HITS OF THE

heart we see her leave the stage through the chapel door and skip off to her dressing room. Leper colony be hanged!

But what is that in the corner of your eye? A tear? Fie upon us for forgetting that nun, priest, hero, chapel, love, remorse, passion, resignation, are mere names, mere pieces of antiquated furniture polished up every season to sell at a dollar and a half. Nevertheless we have been deluded into a tear. We cannot forget that.

It is untrue that to the actors in the wings and dressing rooms the "carryings on" of their comrades is of no concern, for to none is acting more earnest and vital than the actor. They bathe and bask in their own or another's distinction. Take an actor to dinner and fifty chances to one he will trap you from soup to finger bowls in a whirligig of his own miserable concerns. If he is what is called a "big" actor, that is an intellectual scholar, not an emotional egoist, he may eschew shop, and parley over the most infinitesimal and interesting details of his observation and experience. He will handle conversation as he handles his make-up for the evening's performance: spread the ground color smoothly and etch in the character lines with millimetre strokes. And under all circumstances it will be found that he prefers to do the etching himself.

We are back of scenes at Richard the Third. An audience of two thousand people awaits in rapture the great Richard Mansfield in his own unShakesperean and sometimes execrable depiction. The stage manager—the most energetic and resourceful human machine I ever set my eyes upon—darts from side to side, marshalling the supers used in the armies, correcting the electrician for shedding an Arizona sunset on a mid-England drawing room, or imploring a brace of stage hands to cover a bare platform with a brown floor-cloth. The lights on the stage grew dimmer; the unnatural silence of half a minute was split by a sudden command spoken in the unmistakable eloquence of Mr. Mansfield. I saw the stage manager stop an instant on his way across the back drop and speak a word of encouragement to a sick player who had joined the company only a few hours before. Scarcely had

OBSERVE THE IMPROVISED DOGS TO WHICH A ROW OF PRETTY GIRLS SEASON IN THE "DOG-HOSPITAL" SCENE

the greeting left his lips than he turned like a frightened deer, listened to a cue being given on stage, and with his hands clasped before his mouth, gave forth the weirdest and uncanniest cry of human anguish that I hope ever to hear. Does any reader recall his shiver of horror at the screams of the murdered princes in Richard Third?

Here on a Christmas eve, the fortunes of a wandering profession have brought us into the No Admission temple of the show-house, where a hard-worked and ill-appreciated Hamlet troupe keeps on its pay roll the best Polonius of the age. True, he is playing with a second-rate company at a third rate salary, but that is because the archangel of Shakesperean fortunes is away fishing. We cannot expect to keep Shakespeare and George Cohan to ourselves at one and the same time.

Out come the actors for the third act, pouring through the door from the dressing rooms like a passing dream of the court of Elizabeth. Afar off follows one, Polonius. We shake his hand, compliment him on his make-up, bid him farewell while he finishes a scene with the Queen, compliment him again as he exits—and enter briskly into a conversation of motor boat engines, debating whether a hydroplane type would give more satisfaction than a V bottom. Meanwhile he posts himself near a curtained door through an opening of which I could barely see the gyrations of Hamlet as he turned the knife of remorse in the conscience of his faithless mother. Not paying much attention to the acting, however, I chatted laughingly with my friend until the sound of a line flashed like electricity upon his hearing. His smiles were instantly gone.

"What wilt thou do?" gasped the Queen, "thou wilt not murther me? Help, help! Ho!"

Polonius, standing by my side, drew in a deep breath and motioned me to stand back. "What ho! help, help, help," he cried in echo.

I heard Hamlet dash over to the velvet curtain behind which we hid. "How now!" he gasped and I was conscious of an ugly rapier-point flashing through the arras and past my knee, "How now! a rat?" and he thrust viciously again and again, "dead for a ducat! dead".

THE AWKWARD COSTUMES OF "CHANTECLER," IN WHICH MAUDE ADAMS IS PLAYING MODERN CLOTHES. MISS ADAMS' PIQUANT FEATURES ARE

The suddenness of the action and the extreme violence, more real to me for the moment than to the audience out in front, was destined to be turned quickly into a ludicrous unreality. Polonius pressed his fists against his mouth and wailed piteously: "O I am slain". And at that instant two burly stage hands standing at his side dropped two sacks of sand upon a padded quilt——

Were you ever startled in a theatre by the thud of a falling body?

It is hard for me to forget a night when the now sanctified James O'Neill was playing priest parts and lent his services to the melodramatic lines of "The Count of Monte Cristo". If memory serves correctly it was Act Three or Scene Three—most interesting things on or off stage usually occur in the third year division, lap, or deal—and to my younger imagination, the winds of the briny ocean howled and hissed across the troubled billows. The wreckage of a merchant ship lay strewn about the jagged rocks and above the topmost reach of all the waves loomed the figure of the desolate Dantes, his gesture of desperation illumined now and again by an angry flash of lightning. The sea rose higher and higher and dashed its jealous strength upon his stubborn resistance. How old and helpless and abandoned he looked! What was that horrible object yonder? A man-eating shark? No, only a log lashed by the fury of the storm. And poor Dantes holding his own against the fiendish elements!

THIS SEASON, ARE NEVER MORE GROTESQUE THEN WHEN COMBINED WITH PEOPLE IN
HARDLY RECOGNIZABLE UNDER HER CUMBROUS HELMET

Five years later I saw O'Neill from "behind the scenes". Fourteen supers or extra men, representing bank clerks, college students, coal heavers, stevedores, printer's devils and all other strata of calling were told off and paid fifty cents apiece to play the part of waves. That is, they crawled underneath a huge sheet of blue and green painted canvas that lay upon the floor of the stage. Some were on their knees, others standing. By their upheavals and twists and turnings, a very fair imitation of moving water was given in the dim light by which the audience saw it.

Up went the curtain. Mr. O'Neill in an outrageously torn shirt and a pair of workman's trousers stood heroically upon his wooden rock defying the winds and waves with extended arms. Lightning bolts were bubbling past his head on a copper wire and spending their force in a pail of cold water. Rolling thunder growled and pealed every time a stage hand sent a wooden ball down a rickety trough. The stage manager clicked his switches and high heaven was illumined as with the sudshine of day. Those piercing chilly blasts of foam-filled gale emitted themselves regularly as a perspiring laborer turned the crank of a silk-covered barrel that rubbed on the end of two shingles. Rain emptied from the great above when Willie Wagle, the property boy, revolved a drum covered with buckshot

"The world is mine," screamed Edmond above the billows' roar.

Perhaps it was with that possessive opinion in his mind that the stage manager, ten seconds later when the curtain had fallen, approached Mr. O'Neill with the request: "Will you order a new wind machine for the Chicago run, sir?"

"Is it not possible," replied the fabulously rich Monte Cristo, "to purchase a yard of silk and patch it?"

It will always remain an inexplicable thing to many, how players remember their long parts and pass through so many performances of quick-fire dialogue without missing a line or a cue. And yet one loses half his amazement at the function of the memory in the intellectual order when so many thousands of mediocre persons can master in brief time from ten to seventy "sides" or pages of typewritten copy, eight or ten lines to a page including the cue and the speech that follows. Some actors find the utmost difficulty in committing speeches accurately to memory. I have in mind Thomas Mead, of Sir Henry Irving's company, whose heavy bass voice could never lower to a whisper. All his mutterings and self-admonitions were invariably given loud enough for half the theatre to hear. In the play then under rehearsal, Mr. Mead had a line something like: "Her soul is bathed in dragon's blood." This the actor persistently and annoyingly rendered as "Her soul is bathed in dragoon's blood", Mr. Irving correcting him again and again. But Mr. Mead sinned once more and had to receive yet another warning from his chief. "Kindly be careful at the performance this evening," urged Irving, "it is the fourth time you have been corrected, Mr. Mead."

Notwithstanding all that, old Mead's evil angel followed him to the theatre that night, for when he came to the ticklish line he plunged boldly into the mistake declaiming that "her soul is bathed in dragoon's blood". Instantly he stopped, lifted a solitary finger to his chin and halted himself with an audible grunt, exclaiming: "No, by George, it's dragon's blood. Fourth time you've been corrected, Mr. Mead." And he went on with his part although his friends in the wings and in the audience rocked themselves with laughter.

Something along the same line, Mr. Robert Mantell one night during the sickness of a minor actor commandeered the property man to do the part of the poisoner Lucianus in the great play—scene of Hamlet, Act Three. It is an extremely solemn moment as the poisoner bends low over the sleeping monarch and pours the treacherous fluid into his ear. And these are the lines to accompany the deadly deed:

> Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing;
> Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
> Thou mixture rank of midnight weeds collected,
> With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

with some more of a similarly difficult phraseology. For many weary hours the property man blinked over those heart-rending syllables, trying hard to get them into his memory.

"Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing." Over and over he repeated it. Then on the eventful night he walked on in the scene with trembling knees and thickened tongue. He bent over the sleeping king, with every eye and ear in the theatre focused upon him.

"Thoughts black," he gasped, "hands black, drugs black, face black, every blessed thing has turned black," and while the audience roared with mirth, he ran for the wings and hid himself from Mr. Mantell by climbing to the fly gallery.

Such incidents might be multiplied to the million. Indeed the stories of the "unexpected" stage occurrence supply half the anecdotes of the laughing world. I could repeat them to no end: how a company called the Frost Stock Company—actual name—played 'Way Down East in the City Hall of Kingston, Ontario, and an Italian stage hand stationed on the rafters up above came tumbling through the rickety framework in the middle of a tearful scene, followed by his clothes-basket full of paper "snow"; how a noted actor, wearing through carelessness a pair of crumpled and dusty duck trousers, begged of his stage fiance: "I am perplexed, dearest; what shall I do?"

only to hear a waggish voice in the gallery cry: "Take your ducks out for a swim"; how the lieutenant in "Shannon of the Sixth," while tripping down a Himalayan slope to save the life of his sweetheart in the valley below, abruptly fell through the mountain and landed with a crash on the hard floor fifteen feet beneath; how when Macready was playing Richard he delivered the line "A horse, a horse; my kingdom for a horse"; when a smart young man in the audience piped out: "Wouldn't a donkey do as well?" and Macready instantly retorted "Certainly; come right round to the stage door".

Actors will while away hours with these yarns of their own profession, for no class has a saner sense of the irony of human experience, or a fonder appreciation of the foibles of men and women; the humor that penetrates between man's ideals and his attainment. Any actor in the blossoming circumstances of coffee and cigarettes will unfold a veritable treasure trove of stories, telling of some time and place wherein the art of the player, the solemnity of the scene, the perfect illusion of the mechanics were flipped over into the column of the ridiculous by an untoward accident which no human power could have foreseen.

On the stage of a New York vaudeville house recently, it was claimed that every form of entertainment existing in the modern theatre was represented on the playbill. There were circus acts, ballet dancers, a grand opera singer, a one-act tragedy, an acrobatic team, an elocutionist, a pianist, a hypnotist, an ex-preacher, a baseball player, a troupe of trained seals and an educated giraffe. In that heterogeneous mass is represented a line of employment strictly isolated from any legitimate function of the theatre and the art of the drama. True it is, the "legitimate" actors and actresses now and then fill their purses with a two-a-day engagement, but inevitably and almost invariably they suffer a loss of "caste". The description given by a member of Sir Henry Irving's last company of his adventure into vaudeville is luminous if embittered:

"I was sandwiched between two laughing acts," he said, "and was obliged to wait clumsily in the wings for a dancing team to quit their perspiring antics. When my act was over, I had the pleasure of meeting a barbarian with four trained seals, on his way to amuse the same audience at which I had aimed my impersonation of an Emperor."

One of the little known features that form a back-eddy to all vaudeville bills is the cruelty involved in many of the "strong man" acts, the contortionists and the acrobats. These performers are in a shocking percentage of cases afflicted seriously with heart-disease as a direct consequence of their feats. Old heads in the business have told me of seeing whole "families" of skilled acrobats stumble off the stage when their act is finished and lean against a wall as weak as kittens and with dangerous symptoms of heart failure. Animal circuses too, often shown at vaudeville houses, are so much wanton, deliberate cruelty which is usually brazened over by the assumed smiles of the trainer, and his pretended affection for his money-earning pets. It is generally true that "tricks" are taught with "licks". In the puppy days a cut of the lash is the single incentive to the terrier or the monkey to stand on hind legs or balance a pile of cubes on the nose. Beatings during the training period, beatings during travel, and close confinement—and we pay our money and giggle about it. But after all it is because we do not know.

The weekly vaudeville habit, when unchecked and undiscriminative, poisons the individual's taste for the better uses of the theatre and an advancement in the really creditable knowledge of its art. Vaudeville is not art, nor does it often ask a spectator to exercise deeper faculties than a sense of melody and an appetite for the ridiculous. It moreover accustoms the patron to take entertainment in "chunks", thereby injuring in time the capacity and desire for sustained attention during two or three hours of connected and intelligent drama.

If you want color and what the reporter with the dog-fight-item would

call "human interest", join me behind the scenes of the musical comedy.

In all this merry world of ours there is no more disappointing experience than to come to know a musical comedy company well—that is to know them as men and women out of their veneers by virtue of which they fascinate the public and cause the miracle of the money-flow. Fancy, ye young women who would frisk your life away, fancy your tenderly-nurtured and respected self being classed on the company's books as a "broiler" if you are young and comely; or a "flapper" if you are tall and stately; a "squab" if you are beneath five feet—while at rehearsals, if you do not entirely please the stage director, he may call you anything that first occurs to his tongue.

Let us forget, for the purpose of frankness, the laughing troupe of fairies that rollick out of the wings with handmade smiles every time the soubrette speaks a chorus cue. Let us forget, for variety's sake, the line of maidens who caper across the stage, nodding their poke bonnets and crooning lullabys to the moon for seven encores—and look at the matter like an Anna Held or an Anthony Comstock.

The rank and file of women in the musical comedies is neither more nor less than the shop-girl of the stage. Their purpose in life is chiefly to lay hands on a regular supply of bread and butter and lodging and having done that, the world's debt to them is almost satisfied. I have seen statistics quoted which would attempt to indicate that a percentage of chorus women are college trained and out of cultured homes, but I frankly question the former and allow the latter in about five per cent. of cases. Education would wilt and perish in an average comedy chorus, and I believe the chorus as an institution of the theatre would similarly disappear if all needy girls tested their employment from an educated point of view. As matters stand, the King's English is tortured in the chorus room on a red hot griddle.

"Mamie," calls out Della Dempstead to her hilarious comrade on the other side of the dressing quarters, "cut the comedy, sister, and slip me over my powder puff".

Mamie retorts by asking Della to understand that she desires no imputations of borrowing or appropriating, particularly from a Dempstead.

"When you've sang with such people as I have and when you have put the emotional stuff over in a Belasco Broadway, then, Della Dempstead, you can hand it to me and I'll be there with the white flag."

Partly from the uniformity of make-up, the likeness of costumes, and the strong tendency of chorus experience to reduce faces to a dead level of bold outline, the women of musical comedies range into a series of steel-like moulds. Should number four fall sick, number five steps up one pace; that's all. Should a broiler sprain her ankle, another broiler with an ankle that is not sprained fills the gap and does equally well or ill. Women in the big spectacular shows are hired not for individual talent, not because they assist in the music, but purely for the half-pernicious possession of more or less physical beauty. What becomes of them? Whither go the chorus women when Youth makes its farewell tour at twenty-eight or thirty-five. Nobody with the statistician's queer nose for exactness has ever turned to this field of effort. Perhaps it is as well, for the study of the life-long server in the chorus, the confirmed spear-holder, is pathological rather than artistic. She comes out of youth; she passes into age and obscurity —and the interim usually works mischief to character and coarsens even the most correct morality. The speed at which chorus life is run owes itself to the most natural of laws, gravity. Whatever be the mediocrity of the back row of a musical comedy, there are other backrows of other comedies infinitely more mediocre, infinitely more sordid. Gravity leads commonplaceness forward only as it leads downward. One night I watched from the wings of a burlesque theatre the women of the company in their mechanical prancings and studied smilings out on the limelighted boards. One little creature with haggard cheeks was point-

ed out who was to leave the troupe the next day. She had joined just eleven weeks before in order to pay the bills of her husband, then seriously ill in a Detroit hospital. With a salary of eighteen dollars a week, she scraped along on seven dollars, remitting the balance regularly for her partner's upkeep. The husband recovered, the little lady rejoined him, and together they worked in a vaudeville circuit where prosperity soon rewarded them.

That incident illustrates one of many redeeming marks of even the lowest rungs of the amusement ladder: a capacity for fidelity and sacrifice; generosity; good nature—these are to be met with all levels of the profession of entertaining and are coupled with quite as much moral rectitude as distinguishes the lives of other people in a parallel social and educational level.

But at best, the life of the mediocre member of a theatrical company of any kind—and I refer more particularly to women—is handicapped more seriously than that of a puny-waged factory hand. Conscientious morality is wide-spread in the theatrical profession as in any other, but in the musical comedies, the burlesques, and in that narrow line where shine the Broadway stars, morality must wage a hard fight for recognition. The disease of selfishness, with the germ in every dressing room, too often makes slaves or fretful children of the best and wisest of them. Delicacy and what we call "goodness" is harassed incessantly and with much cunning. Yet despite these obvious disadvantages and dangers the stream of feminine life pours into the mill with increasing eagerness year after year.

Stage life is attractive because it seems to answer that inherent emotional call—as with the explorer—for the hazardous and the unknown. That it should exist and prosper, it must forever remain a life *apart*. In the higher ranks of the theatre's personnel, plays and players lose their bloom when the acquaintance of the public becomes cousinly. Unreality with them must hold its status; romance cannot submit to the scalpel; nor can the personality of the players or the secrets of the playhouse ever be stripped of their make-believe. Were it so, the tired-businessman would quickly turn misanthrope. Than the policy of silence, there is no other wise alternative for the present ugly practice of "writing-up" or "exposing" the private lives and thoughts and actions of the popular artist, the silly trifles of favorite cold creams and hair tonics. Such inquisitive publicity is a sure robber of the actor's basic stock-in-trade if he but had the wit to know it. Someone took Santa Claus from Christmas once, and ever since I have been drawing vacuums. Take mystery and make-believe from our regard for the theatre, and we deal thereafter ouly in the meatless shells of satisfaction.

The DREAM GIRL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Common Law," "The Fighting Chance," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT

When Louis and his chum Ferris came to Clover Cottage to fish they came for solitude, and had gamekeepers stationed at the upper and lower ends of the big preserve to enforce it. No other foot was allowed to tread their summer woodlands, no other gun to take shrewd aim at a grey side seen dimly through dappled leaves, and especially no other rod was to dangle its parti-colored flies across that choice water where the sea-trout lay. Ferris, Louis, Solomon, a flame-colored Egyptian ibis that Ferris had imported from Cairo for his chum on account of Louis' fondness for Red Ibis flies, and Howlett, their English servant, composed the household, and they were bent on bachelor contentment.

So when Louis cast across the riffles of the west reach of the river, where it was always silent, snagged his line in something that wouldn't give, and finally hauled up a shoe, slim, small pointed and marked "Besnard—Paris" he was startled, and presently began to speculate on the owner.

"Young? Probably. Slender? Probably. Pretty? The deuce take the shoe!" But that coquettish slipper has no intention of letting go his attention yet, and presently he is musing again.

"Now perhaps," he reflects, "this little shoe has tapped the gravel of the Luxembourg, patted the asphalt of the Boulevard des Italiens, brushed the lawns of the Bois—ah me! ah me!—the devil take the shoe! I'll throw it away."

But in the very act of hurling he is halted, and brought to attention, his cap held against his stomach, the shoe in his hand. Above him, perched on an overhanging tree-trunk, clad in leather shooting-coat and kilts and dangling one slender, silk-stockinged foot, is the owner of the little silver-buckled shoe, very much more at ease than he.

Young, slender, and most assuredly pretty, Mademoiselle claims ownership and Louis clambers up the bank to restore her property. The silver buckle is not easily buckled, for the tongue has become bent and needs straightening, and before it is adjusted he has told her most of his life history, after the manner of men, learned that she has taken possession of the only other cottage in the preserve, the deserted farm of the White Moss Spring, and lives there with an "aged and fierce" housekeeper. Then she tells him of her childhood in Rouen, the duel—"something about Mama"—in which her father's superior officer was killed, and the flight of father and baby daughter to Canada, where later the father also died and left Diane alone. "I am nineteen, and very reckless," she told him. "I have never loved, but I think it is time that I did. I should like to be a heroine in a romance."

And then a pretty pastoral of the Court of Versailles in the time of Louis Quinze begins, where the Marquise Diane and the Comte Louis played at love and found the play becoming real under their hands.

The action of the story is rapid, and the development of the quaint love-idyll comes before you realize it has begun, as it came to the lovers themselves. Through it all runs the curious thread of mysticism that now and again crops out in Chambers' stories, the hint of the unseen that lies just a stone's throw out from our everyday pathway, the mysterious grey bird with the dark eyes that flitted ahead of Louis on his incursion upon the Silent Land, and moved before the lovers as they descended the cliff together. What meaning the Spirit-bird had to Diane and Louis, let Mr. Chambers himself tell.

PART II.

"Where the mischief have you been all day?" demanded Ferris that evening as we sat on the verandah after dinner.

"Well," said I, lighting a pipe, "when you had your fit of sulks I went off for a brace of trout."

"Did you see anything worth seeing?"

"I saw no trout," said I.

"Unfortunate, eh?"

"Oh not very," said I, looking at Solomon.

"Not very?"

"Look at that ridiculous bird, Ferris."

"Swallowed a frog the wrong way," said Ferris, watching the solemn contortions of Solomon; "he looks like a little Jew in a crimson overcoat with a stomach ache. What fly did you use, Louis?"

"Everything; couldn't raise a fin."

"Oh, you've been trying that old devil down by the west woods! I should think you'd let him alone; it's useless," yawned Ferris.

"I'm going to try for him every day till I get him," said I, trying not to to lie more than necessary; "of course you'll not infringe?"

"Infringe! Not much! You can have the whole west side woods to your own sweet self; but you're an idiot!"

"Not at all," said I, thankfully; and in a burst of confidence I confessed that I had used a Silver Doctor.

There was a momentary gleam of triumph in Ferris's eyes, but he was very decent about it and asked me most politely for the loan of a Red Ibis. Oh men of the busy world, learn courtesy from the angler! There are other things you need not learn from him.

"My dear fellow," said I, more touched than I had been for a long time, "I haven't a Red Ibis left. I shall write Conroy to-night before I retire. If you really do want an Ibis I will catch Solomon and pluck a plume from his tail feathers."

"I don't want it enough to inconvenience you or hurt Solomon's feelings," said Ferris, laughing.

After a long interval of silent smoking Ferris rose and yawned at the moon.

"Do you know what a spirit-bird is, Ferris?" I asked, rapping my pipe on the arm of my chair.

"Spirit-bird—the French one—the Oiseau Saint-Esprit? Yes, I've seen one—in the Vosges.

"Grey—with slim wings and big dark eyes?"

"That's the bird," said Ferris; "why?"

"Well, I thought I saw one to-day. Of course that's impossible."

"Of course," said Ferris, yawning again. "I'm going to turn in; good-night, old chap."

"Good-night," said I, tapping nervously on the verandah with my pipe.

Howlett came out a few moments later with my wading-shoes which he had been oiling.

"Well," said I, "are the hob-nails all right?"

"Seving 'ob nails is h'out, sir," replied Howlett, holding up the shoes for my inspection.

"Put them in as soon as they're dry. Did you oil the bamboo? Good. Is my lamp lighted? Put it out—and you need not sit up, Howlett; I'm going for a stroll."

"Thank you, sir," said Howlett,—"and Solomon, sir?"

Now it was one of my delights to see Howlett house Solomon. The wily ibis loved to snoop about in the moonlight, and he was always ready for Howlett when that dignified servant came to round him up.

I looked at Solomon who stood gloomily brooding among the water-lilies.

"He ought to be in bed," said I.

Howlett descended the verandah steps with arms extended, but Solomon sidled out into the pond. Howlett pleaded earnestly. He flattered and cajoled, but Solomon was obdurate.

"Nothink I say do move 'im, sir," said Howlett, stiffly; "he is vicious to-night, sir."

"Then take the boat," I said.

Howlett in a boat chasing a sulky ibis was one of those rare spectacles that few are permitted to witness. Once a week Solomon turned "vicious" and then, at Ferris's and my suggestion, Howlett took to the boat. A terrestrial Howlett was solemnly ludicrous, but an aquatic Howlett was impossible. Of course Ferris and I never laughed—that is, aloud—but we usually felt rather weak after it was over.

In the course of half an hour Solomon, mad, wet, rumpled, was cornered by Howlett and clasped to his stiff

"WILL YOU SING FOR ME?" SOMETHING VERY OLD, OLDER THAN THE LUTE"

"I LEARNED A SONG THIS MORNING BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU WOULD CARE FOR IT. THAT IS WHY I DARED TO BRING MY LUTE INTO THE SILENT LAND"

shirt front, muddy, bedraggled, and kicking.

"Are you not mortified, you bad bird?" said I, as Howlett passed toward the kitchen.

"A vicious bird, sir; good-night, sir," murmured Howlett.

"Good-night, Howlett; breakfast at seven to-morrow," said I, and sauntered out into the moonlit valley.

I had been walking almost half an hour when it occurred to me that I should be in bed.

"What the deuce am I sprinting about the valley at this hour for?" I thought, looking around.

Over the shadowy meadows the night mist hung, silvered by the moonlight, and I heard the meadow-brook rippling through the sedge. Slender birches glimmered among the alders, and all the little poplar leaves were quivering, but I felt no breath of air.

Where the dark forest fringed the meadow I saw the moonbeams sparkling on lonely pools, but the depths of the woodland were black and impenetrable, and the forest itself was vague as the mist that shrouded it.

For a long time I stood, looking at the stars and the mist, and little by little I came to understand why I was there alone.

I knew I should go on. I wished to, but I lingered in the moonlight staring at earth and sky until something moved in the thicket beside me. I followed it, knowing it was the Spirit-bird.

When I entered the forest I could scarcely see my hand, but I felt a trodden path beneath my feet, and I heard before me the whisper of soft wings, and presently I heard the river, rushing through rocks of the western forest, and when I came to the wooded bank the moonlight fell around me.

There was a narrow strip in the forest, overgrown with silver birch and poplar and lighted by the moon, but I searched it in vain, up and down, up and down, always with the whisper of soft wings in my ears.

At last I called "Diane," and before I called again, her hands lay close in mine.

"I came," said the little maid, "because you were coming."

"Who told you I was coming?"

"Told me? No one told me. Rose is asleep. Why did you come?"

"Why did you come, Diane?"

"I? Because you came. How did you find my bower?"

"Your bower, Diane?"

"It is yours I know; I call it mine; I call it the Silent Land."

"It is very silent," I said.

"It is always silent—no birds, not even the noise of the water. Do you think it is sad? There are times when sounds,—the song of living creatures and the countless movements of things that live, trouble me. Then I come here. There are flowers."

"The air is very sweet, too sweet. What is the perfume? The trees are heavy with fragrance. Ah!—are you tired, Diane?"

"No—it is the odor of blossoms; I sleep here sometimes."

"Your hair is loose—how long it is! Is it the perfume from your hair—is it your breath——"

"The blossoms are very sweet; the moon is gone."

"There is a star,—how soft your breath is."

"I do not see the star; where, Louis?"

"It is there;—clouds are veiling it;—there is a mist over all——"

"It is my hair—over your eyes."

. . . . . .

"Howlett," said I, one warm afternoon, "Solomon is unendurable: he follows me everywhere, and I wish you to see that he minds his own business."

"A hobstinate bird, sir," said Howlett, "and vicious when crossed,—which I scorn 'is h'anger,—beg pardon, sir,—for 'e's took to biting w'en 'is vittles disagrees."

"Has he bitten you?"

"Twice, sir,—which 'appily my h'eyes is h'uninjured, though h'aimed at by 'is beak."

"This is intolerable," said I; "you must punish him, Howlett."

"Ow, sir?"

"Tie him up when he bites. Have those flies come from Conroy's?"

"Nothink 'as came, sir."

"Where is Mr. Ferris?"

"Mr. Ferris is a-whipping of the h'Amber Pool, sir, with three sea-trout to the good and a brace of square tails. Solomon followed 'im, sir, and is h'observing the sport."

"Then I can get away without that red-feathered Paul Pry tiptoeing after me," I thought, and sent Howlett for my rod-case.

"Tell Mr. Ferris, when he returns, that I may not be back until dinner," I said, when Howlett brought the case.

I selected a four-ounce split bamboo, pocketed my fly-book and a tin box of floating flies for dry fishing, picked up a landing-net, and walked away toward the western woodland, whistling. I had not fished for three weeks, although every day I went away into the western woods with rod and creel. Ferris laughed at my infatuation for the long pool where the great fish lay and jeered at me when I returned evening after evening with no trout, although the river, except the western stretch, was full of trout. He had never come to the pool,—I should have seen him from the Silent Land if he had,—but Solomon sneaked after me on several occasions. Once I caught him craning his neck and peering into the bower,—our bower—and as I did not care to have him pilot Ferris thither, I hustled him off.

The woods were fragrant and warm, stained by the afternoon sun; the quiet murmur of the brook came to me from leafy thickets as I walked, and I heard the river rushing in the distance and the summer wind among the pines. White clouds shimmered in the blue above, sailing, sailing God knows where, but they passed across the azure, one by one, drifting to the south, and I watched them with the vague longing that comes to men who watch white sails at sea.

I had turned my steps toward the long pool, for I had decided to fish that afternoon, wishing to redeem my words to Ferris—at least in part; but as I stepped across the trail I heard the sound of wings, and a shadow glided in front of me toward the forest. It was always so from the first, and now, as always, I turned away, following unquestioningly the Spirit-bird. The noise of the river ceased as I entered the Silent Land. For an instant the grey bird hovered high in the sunshine, then left me alone.

I threw myself full length upon the blossoming bank and waited, chin on hand. And as I waited, she came noiselessly across the moss, so quietly, so silently that I saw her only when her fingers touched mine.

"It has been a long time," we said; and, "Did you sleep?" and, "When did you awake?"

Then we asked each other a thousand little questions which are asked when lovers meet, and we answered as lovers answer. We spoke of the Spirit-bird as we always did, wondering, and she told me how that morning it had tapped upon her window as the day broke.

"Rose did not hear it," she said, "but I was already awake and thinking."

"I awoke at sunrise too," I said; "for a moment I thought it was a swallow in the chimney that fluttered so—"

"The Spirit-bird flies swiftly when Love is dreaming,—that is a very old proverb of Normandy. What shall we do, Louis—there is so much to do and so little time in life!—I brought my lute—ah! you are laughing!"

"The lute is such an old-fashioned toy; I didn't know you played. Will you sing too, Diane? Something very old, older than the lute."

"I learned a song this morning because I thought you would care for it. That is why I dared to bring my lute into the Silent Land. The song is called, 'Tristesse.'"

Then the little maid sat up among the blossoms and touched the soft strings, singing:

"J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie,
Et mes amis et ma gaiete;
J'ai perdu jusqu' à la fierte
Qui faisait croire à mon genie.

Quand j'ai connu la Verité
J'ai cru que c'etait une amie;
Quand je l'ai comprise et sentie,
J'en etais deja degouté.

Et pourtant elle est eternelle
Et ceux qui se sont passes d'elle
Ici-bas ont tout ignore.

Dieu parle, il faut qu'on lui reponde;
Le seul bien qui me reste au monde
Est d'avoir quelquefois pleure.

"That is all," said the little maid.

"Sing, Diane," I said, but I scarcely heard my own voice.

She laughed and bent above me with a graceful gesture. "Not that," she said, "for you at least are not sad. There is a chansonnette,—shall I sing again?—then be very still, here at my feet. Do you not think my lute is sweet?

"Je voudrais pour moi qu'il fut toujours fete
Et tourner la tete
Aux plus orgueilleux;
Etre en meme temps de glace et de flamme,
La haine dans l'ame,
L'amour dans les yeux."

"You, Diane?" I whispered; but she smiled, and the mystery of love veiled her dark eyes; and she sang;

"Je ne voudrais pas a la contredance,
Sans quelque prudence
Livrer mon bras nu
Puis, au cotillion, laisser ma main blanche
Trainer sur la manche
Du premier venu.

"Si mon fin corset, si couple et si juste,
D'un bras trop robuste
Se sentait serre,
J'aurais, je l'avoue, une peur mortelle
Qu'un bout de dentelle
N'en fut dechire."

She looked at me with soft unfathomable eyes and touched the lute. When I moved she started from her reverie with a gay little nod to me:

"Quand on est coquette, il faut etre sage,
L'oiseau de passage
Qui vole a plein coeur
Ne dort pas en l'air comme une hirondelle,
Et peut, d'un coup d'aile
Briser une fleur!"

"Sing," I said with a changed voice.

"I have sung," she said, and laid her lute in my hands. But I knew nothing of minstrelsy and lay silent, idly touching the strings.

She had fashioned for her fair head a wreath of sweet-fern twined with clustered buds, white as snow and faintly perfumed.

"So I am crowned," she said, "a princess in the Silent Land. Where I step, all things green shall flourish; where I turn my eyes, blossoms shall open in the summer wind;—am I not a queen?"

"Will you not sing again, Diane?"

"No, it pleases me to hear a legend now. You may begin, Louis."

"Which—the Were-wolf or the Man in Purple Tatters or the—"

"No, no—something new."

"The Seventh Seal?"

"Begin it."

"'And when he opened the Seventh Seal there was silence in Heaven—"

"Dear Saints, have we not silence enough in the Silent Land? Tell me about battles."

"'And the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle!' I could not tell you about battles, Diane."

"Tell me,—don't move your arm,—tell me of battles, Louis."

"'There was once a King in Carcosa,'" I began. But the little maid was already asleep.

I thought I heard a step in the undergrowth and listened.

The forest was silent.

When we awoke it was night. Down from the dark heavens a great star fell, burning like a lamp. Above the low-hanging branches, sombre, drooping, heavy with fragrance, a misty darkness lay like a vast veil spread.

In the stillness I heard her quiet breathing, but we did not speak.

Silence is a Prophet, unveiling mysteries.

Then, through the forest, we heard the sound of wings, and as we moved, stepping together into the shadows, the moon rose above Lynx Peak, gigantic, golden, splendid.

So we passed out of the forest into the star-lit night.

. . . . . .

The skies were leaden, the watery clouds hung low over the valley, and a wet wind blew from the west, ruffling the long pool where Diane stood. Kilted and capped in tweeds, creel swinging with every movement in the rod which swayed and bent with her bending wrist, she moved from ripple to shallow, wading noiselessly while the silken line whistled and the gay flies chased each other across the wind-lashed pool.

We spoke in a low voice, glancing at

each other when the light cast struck the water.

"Under the alders, Diane—" I said; "have you changed the Grey Dun for the Royal?"

"No, what is your new cast?"

"Emerald and Orange Miller—I shall tie an alder-fly in place of the Miller. Do you think the water warrants a cast of three?"

"It is rough; I don't know,—Louis, was that an offer?"

"I think it was the spray from the rapids. Shall we move up a little? Do you feel the chill of the water?"

"I am cold to my knees," said the little maid, "the river is rising, I think —ah, what was that?"

"Nothing,—you touched a floating leaf in the swirl."

"Splash!" A great fish flopped over in the pool, a trout, lazy, unwieldy, monstrous.

"Oh! he missed it!" cried Diane, turning a little white.

"Cast again," I whispered, tossing my rod onto the sandy beach and unslinging my landing-net.

Trembling a little with excitement she cast across the swirl, once, twice, twenty times, but the monster was invisible. Somewhere in the dusky depths of that amber well the fierce fish lay watching the lightly dropping flies, unmoved. Then we changed the cast; I emptied my fly-book, but nothing stirred except the hurrying water, curling, gurgling, tumbling through the rocks. Finally I broke the silence.

"Diane, it was the spinner that he rose to. He's after something redder. Have you got a Scarlet Ibis?"

"No—have you?"

I almost groaned, for Conroy's flies had not arrived, and I hadn't an Ibis in the world.

After a while she reeled in her silken line, and we waded to the sandy beach and sat down.

"Oh, the pity of it," sighed Diane; "never have I seen such a trout before. I suppose it is useless, Louis."

I sat moodily poking holes in the sand with the butt of my landing-net.

We spoke of other things for a time, sinking our voices before the roar of the water. Presently a sunbeam stole through the vapour above, lighting the depths of the dark pool. And all at once we saw the trout, hanging just above the pebbly bottom: we saw the scarlet fins move, the great square tail waving gently in the current. the mottled spotted back, the round staring eyes. The swelling of the gills was scarcely perceptible, the broad mouth hardly moved.

For a long time we sat silent, fascinated; then something stirred behind us on the beach and we slowly turned. It was Solomon.

"Ciel!" faltered Diane. "What is that?"

"My bird—an Egyptian Ibis," I whispered, laughing silently; "he has followed me after all."

Solomon ruffled his scarlet plumes, blinked at me, scratched his head with his broad foot, pecked at a bit of mica, and took two solemn steps nearer.

"Diane," said I, suddenly, "I'll get a red fly for you; don't move—the bird will come close to us."

But Solomon was in no hurry. Inch by inch he sidled nearer, dallying with bits of moss and shining pebbles, often pausing to reflect, but gradually approaching, for his curiosity concerning Diane was great.

"He looks as if he had stepped off an obelisk," murmured Diane; "I have seen hieroglyphics that resembled him. Oh, what a prehistoric head—so old, so old!"

"His name is Solomon," I whispered. "'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' I'm going to have a small bit of Solomon's glory —sh—h! ah! I've got him!"

It was over in a second, and I do not believe it was painful. There was a flurry of sand, a furious flapping of flame-colored wings, a squawk! a smothered laugh—nothing more.

Mortified, furious, Solomon marched off, shaking the river sand from wing and foot, and Diane and I, with tears of laughter in our eyes, tied it close with a thread from my coat, and whipped it firmly to the shank. I looped the improvised fly to Diane's leader, and she shook the line free. The reel sang a sweet tune as she drew the silk through the guides, and presently she

motioned me to follow her out into the rippling shallows, and I went, swinging my landing-net to my shoulder. She cast once. The fly struck the swirl and sank a little, but she drew it to the surface and the current swept it under the alders. For a moment it sank again; then the ripples parted, and a crimson-flecked side rolled just below the surface of the water. At the same moment the light rod curved, deeply quivering, the reel screamed like the wind in the chimney, and the straining line caught through the water, moving up the pool with lightning speed.

"Strike!" I cried, and she struck heavily, but the reel sank out like a whistling buoy, and the fish tumbled into the churning water under the falls at the head of the pool.

"Now," said Diane, with a strange quiet in her voice, "I suppose he is gone, Louis."

But the vicious tug and long, fierce strain contradicted her, and I stepped back a pace or two to let her fight the battle to the bitter end.

The struggle was splendid. Once I believe she became a little frightened, —the rod was staggering under the furious fish,—and she spoke in a queer, small voice: "Are you there, Louis?"

"I am here, Diane."

"Close behind?"

"Close behind."

She said nothing more until the great fish lay floating within reach of my net.

"Now!" she gasped.

It was done in a second; and, as I bore the deep-laden net to the beach, I caught a fleeting glimpse of a figure among the trees on the bank above. Diane was kneeling breathlessly on a rock beside me; she did not see the figure. I did, for an instant. It was Ferris.

Dinner was over. Ferris and I lingered silently over the Burgundy, and Howlett hovered in the corner with a decanter of port until Ferris shook his head.

It had been a silent dinner. Ferris tried to be cordial, and failed. Then he tried to be indifferent, with better success. We exchanged a word or two concerning a new keeper who was to be stationed at the notch in the north, and I spoke to Howlett about cleaning the lamps.

Neither of us mentioned rods or trout, although Howlett had served us a delicious sea-trout that evening which had fallen to Ferris's rod, over which we ordinarily should have exulted.

Ferris of course knew that I had seen him among the trees on the bank above the long pool. It was my place to speak; we both understood that, but I did not. What was there to say? Suppose I should go back to the beginning and tell him—not all, but all that I was bound in honour to tell him. What would he think if I spoke of the Spirit-bird, of the Silent Land, of my long deception? An explanation was due him—I felt that with a vague sense of anger and humiliation. For weeks I had abandoned him; I never thought about his being lonely, but I knew now that he had felt it deeply. Oh, it was the underhand part of the business that sickened me, the daily deceit, the double dealing. Ferris was no infant. A word would have been enough. I had never by sign or speech spoken that word which would at least have set me right with him, and which I could have spoken honorably. And moreover, if I had spoken that word,—no, not a word even, a look would have been enough,—Ferris would never have entered the western forest belt.

We sat dawdling over our wine in the glow of the long candles while the fire crackled in the chimney place; for the evening was chilly, and Solomon brooded sullenly before the blaze. Howlett, noiseless and pompous, glided from side-board to table, decorously avoiding the evil jabs from Solomon's curved bill, until Ferris woke up and told him he might retire, which he did with a modest "good-night sir," and a haughty glance at Solomon. A half hour of strained silence followed. I leaned on the table, my head on my hands, watching the candle light reflected on the fragile wine glasses. Myriads of little flames glistened on the crystal bowls, deep stained with the red wine's glow. The fire snapped and sparkled

on the hearth, and Solomon slept, his wizened head buried in the depths of his flaming plumage.

And as we sat there, there came a faint tapping at the curtained window. Ferris did not hear it, for it was the Spirit-bird.

"I must go," said I, rising suddenly.

"Where?" said Ferris.

I looked at him stupidly for a moment, then sank back into my chair.

Solomon stirred in his slumber and I heard the wind rising in the chimney.

Ferris leaned across the table and touched my sleeve.

I looked at him silently.

"I must speak," he said; "are you ready?"

I did not reply.

"Sadness and silence have no place here, between you and me. Shall I tell you a story I once read?"

"I am half asleep," I muttered.

"This is the story," he said, unheeding my words. "'There was once a King in Carcosa——'"

My hand fell heavily upon the table. "'——And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies——'"

"For God's sake, Ferris "

"Yes," he said, "for God's sake."

We sat staring at each other across the table, and if my face was as white as his I do not know, but my hand trembled among the glasses till they tinkled.

"I was born in France," he said at last. "You did not know it, for I never told you. What do you know about me after all? Nothing. What have years of friendship taught you about my past? Nothing. Now learn. My father was shot dead by an inferior officer in Rouen. The assassin escaped to Canada where—I found him. He died by his own hand—from choice. I did not know he had a child."

"I MUST SPEAK," HE SAID; "ARE YOU READY?"

The dull fear at my heart must have looked from my eyes. Ferris nodded.

"Yes, you know the rest," he said; "the shame and disgrace of the suicide drove the child away—anywhere to escape it—anywhere—here, into the wilderness the woman fled where she hath a place prepared of God."

The Spirit-bird was tapping on the window, I heard the noise of wings beating against the pane.

"I must go," I said, and my voice sounded within me as from a great distance.

"Vengeance is God's," said Ferris, quietly; "I am guilty."

"I must go," I repeated, steadying myself with my hand on the table.

The noise of wings filled my ears. I knew the summons.

"Do you not hear?" I cried.

"The wind," said Ferris.

Then the door slowly opened from without, the long candles flared in the wind, and the ashes stirred and drifted among the embers on the hearth. And out of the night came a slender figure, with dark eyes wide, and timid hands outstretched—outstretched until they fell into my own and lay there.

"I came from the Silent Land," she said; "the bird led me; see, it has entered with me, Louis."

"It is my wife who has entered," I said quietly to Ferris, and the little maid clung close to me, holding out one slim hand to Ferris.

There was an interval of silence.

"Father Gregory will breakfast with us to-morrow," said Ferris to me.

"A priest?"

"Open the window," smiled Ferris; "there is a small grey bird here."

So I opened the window and it flew away.

"Good-night," whispered the little maid, and kissed her hand to the open window.

"Diane!"

She came to me quietly. Ferris had vanished; Solomon peered dreamily at us with filmy eyes.

"The Spirit-bird has gone," she said.

Then, with her arms about my neck, I raised her head, touching her white brow with my lips.

When my wife read as far as you have read, she picked up the embroidery which she had dropped beside her on the table.

"Do you like my story?" I asked.

But she only smiled at me from under her straight eyebrows.

The next morning I received her ultimatum: I am to cease writing about beautiful women of doubtful antecedents who inhabit forest glades, I am to stop making fun of Howlett, I am to curb my passion for rod and gun, and, if I insist on writing about my wife, I am to tell the truth concerning her.

THE REFORMED PIRATE

BY A. HAROLD BROWN

YE ASK me how I came out West,
List to my little tale;
Of rum, and gold, and scuttled barks,
And savage fights, and glingin' sharks,
Upon the pirate's trail!

We wus a gory cross-bon'd lot,
Wot captured ships with zest;
But though of joy I got me fill,
I couldn't save a cent—Until
I heard about the West!

That's why, m' lad, ye see me here,
A-growin' bloomin' wheat;
I wus a pirate in my youth,
But now I've cut me wisdom tooth,
And fallen on me feet!

Comrades Three

BEING THE STORY OF A TRAIN WRECK THAT NEVER CAME OFF

By A. A. Strachan

"I AM very sorry, men," said the Major, "and, personally, I would like to keep you on, if for no other reason than because of the many dangers we have shared together in the past, but the Commissioner's orders are imperative—you are discharged."

Shortly Cuthbert relaxed his attentive posture; Jumbo Evans gave the chunk of tobacco he had concealed under his tongue a vigorous turn and glanced at Tim Sullivan tentatively, but for the moment the three old timers of the Mounted Police who had served their country faithfully for eighteen years and more, were struck dumb by the Major's announcement. They had joined the force when Western Canada was an uninhabited wilderness and they had had to rough it in a way undreamed of by the newer men in these days of rapid development, surrounded by the luxuries of civilization.

They had borne the rigors of Yukon winters and when the South African war broke out had as cheerfully followed their beloved Major to the Cape and had fought in every battle in which their gallant regiment was engaged—not, I am bound to say, from any very strong patriotic motives, but simply as a matter of duty, and to earn the magnificent sum of seventy-five cents a day, which the Government paid them for the job.

The three men were inseparable comrades and had been together in the same troop for years. Occasionally one or another of them, having managed to keep his name off the defaulter's sheet for a few months, would be promoted, and perhaps reach the rank of sergeant only to make a break that quickly reduced him to the ranks again.

"Well," said Tim Sullivan, who was Irish, and used considerable brogue, when excited, "if we're fired I suppose we needn't stand to attention any more. We'll drop the soger an' sit down and talk it over like gintlemen, Major, dear?"

"Certainly, " said the O. C., "sit down, boys, I'll be glad to listen to anything you have to say."

"It is just this," said Cuthbert, "I think it's a dam' shame, after all our years of service, to get a bob-tailed discharge, like this, and us due for a pension in another year. Do we get nothing?"

"I am sorry to say you do not," said the Major, "I asked to be allowed to give you six months' pay, each, as some compensation for the pension you would soon be entitled to—but it was turned down."

"And so, we get the dirty kick-out," cried Evans, wrathfully, "with about eighteen dollars a head, about a dollar for each year of our service—all that's coming to us from this month's pay."

"You should have saved—", began the Major.

"Saved, Major"? said Cuthbert, "a fat lot we could save on seventy -five cents a day."

"You had enough to buy whiskey,"

said the O. C., severely, "and that got you into trouble. Why, men, your defaulter sheets would make a good sized Troop Order book. I warned you, time and again, of what would happen, if you did not cut out the drink, and this is the result. An order was issued to reduce the force, and naturally this new Commissioner, who knows you only by your defaulter sheets, has selected you three, amongst others, to be discharged."

"Oh, hell," said Evans, "what's the good talking? Shut up, Shorty, and let us go—it ain't the Major's fault."

"No, I'll see you get an honorable discharge," said the Major, rising.

"I don't want it," snapped Sullivan, "I'm fired, that's enough. I want to get out of this dam' red coat as soon as I can, that's all, and may the devil light on Canady, the Gover'ment and the whole rotten outfit. Come, boys, let's get out of this."

And the three men turned about and left the orderly room, cursing the ungrateful country that had turned them adrift, penniless, in their old age.

For a week the three discharged policemen lingered around the post, waiting for something to turn up. The divisional superintendent of the Canadian Pacific had been interviewed and had promised to see if he could find positions for them on the company's secret service. Ex-Mounted policemen were in demand by the railway companies in the west as plain clothes men, and the trio were in hopes of striking something good; but, as yet, the expected letter had not come.

Their late comrades had been very good in subscribing a small sum to help them on the road. This, and the balance coming to them from their pay, had sufficed to provide citizen's clothes but what was left soon melted away in the hotel bar and by the end of the week the trio were practically cleaned out. But what did that matter? Had not Mr. Lane, the Canadian Pacific superintendent, promised them jobs, as swivel-eyed detectives, and was not the pay better, and just as sure, as the government itself?

In this hopeful mood Tim Sullivan visited his sweetheart, Norah, a servant at the Major's and tried to persuade her to wait for him until he had made good in his new job.

"Why, Norah, darlint," he said, coaxingly, "ye know we were to be married when I got me pension, if I'd stayed in the force, and that would have been more than a year to wait,—what 'ill I be now, in a year?"

"Most like," snapped practical Norah, "ye'll be in jail, or in yer grave, what with yer drinking and carryin' on. I tell ye, Tim Sullivan, I'm done wid ye, and I'll thank ye not to come bothering me any more."

"But Norah, dear,—" began Tim.

"I'm not Norah dear," said the girl, angrily, "didn't ye promise to give up the drink? Either do that or give up me. I'll not marry a drunken blackguard, like you have been."

"But, Norah,——"

"Listen, Tim Sullivan, and them's my last words to ye; quit drinking and perform some noble action, that will redeem ye in the eyes of them that know ye, or I don't want to see ye any more."

"I'll do it, Norah," said Tim, "I'll never touch another drop, and I'll kill the first saloon keeper I meet. Won't that be "'a noble action?'"

Before Norah could reply the door opened and big Jumbo Evans thrust in his head.

"Aw, come on out of that, Tim Sullivan," he said, "the mail's in and there's a letter for you as long as my arm from the superintendent."

"Hurray!" cried Tim, making a dive for Norah, which she evaded. "Didn't I tell ye I'd get a gentleman's job? In a year's time I'll be chief of the detective buray of the C. P. R., an', Jumbo Evans, ye whisky-swilling pig, ye'll have to touch yer hat and call me Sor."

"I will, like hell," said Jumbo, "you come on outa this, and open the letter and hand out our commissions."

They started on a run for the post office, where the town mail was scattered on a table, for each one to pick out their own, and, having procured the long blue envelope, the pair hurried to the hotel bar to find Shorty, so the three could be present at the opening.

Cuthbert was shaken out of an afternoon nap, in a hotel chair, and sat up blinking, while Jumbo opened the momentous communication.

"Sir," he read, "Your application and that of your two comrades for positions on the secret service of this company, I am sorry to say have to be declined. Enquiry as to character at Headquarters of Mounted Police, has met with very unfavorable replies as to sobriety, which is a very necessary qualification for entrance into the service of this company,—I am etc., T. Lane, Superintendent."

"There," concluded Jumbo, folding up the letter, "our last hope is gone of making an honest living, an' we better hit the trail for Hoboville."

"Dam'," hiccuped Shorty Cuthbert, "if I'd the price of a stick of dynamite I'd blow the (hic!) C. P. R., to hell."

"An' I," said Tim, "'ud blow the dam' Gover'ment to heaven. Let's go an' run our faces for the drinks."

The Crows Nest Pass branch of the Canadian Pacific railway crosses the Bow river at Lethbridge, on the longest bridge in the world, thence it runs westerly to Fort McLeod, on to Pincher Creek and crosses the Rockies by the famous Pass.

The three comrades knew that road well, knew it long before the advent of the railroad, for they had been in "D" Troop when Steele rode through the Pass in '86 on his return from Kootenay to Fort McLeod,—a difficult task, and one calling for men of iron calibre.

The morning after the receipt of the letter from the railway company declining their applications, the three pulled out from McLeod, and turned their faces westward, intending to tramp the ties to Fernie, perhaps to Rossland, in quest of employment. There was plenty of work to be had from the farmers and railroad contractors, but the comrades knew, after spending their best years as troopers, they were totally unfitted for that kind of labor.

"We're no horny-handed sons of toil," growled Evans, as they trudged along the track, discussing the great question of the unemployed, "my lily-white hands were never made for pick and shovel. I'd rather rob a bank."

"Or hold up a train," chimed in Shorty. "Say," he added, as a thought struck him, "we have our six-shooters, —they are all the real property we possess. We can't eat 'em nor pawn 'em. What's the matter with us holding up the East-bound express to-night, as she comes down the Pass? We can make it."

"Och! what's the matter with you two galoots?" asked Tim impatiently. "Do you want to end your days at Stony Mountain, or are you hankering for a padded cell at Selkirk? Let's have no more of this rotten talk. We may be drunken blackguards but we're not thieves. Us for the mountains before sundown. I know a decent boy of a Mullingar man, who kapes a signal-shack across the Kootenay river an' who will welcome us to a bed and bite—So, by your right,—forward, march."

On trudged the three again without a word. Early in the afternoon they reached Pincher where they refreshed themselves at the police detachment and rested for about an hour, for the unaccustomed exertion of a thirty mile tramp, on railway ties, was a pretty trying experience for cavalry men. But Tim, who had constituted himself leader of the expedition, by reason of his regimental number being the lower, which in the force would have ranked him as senior constable, would not let them have more than a short rest, so that by four in the afternoon he had them counting ties again. Their language for the first few miles of the resumed journey was too sulphuric to bear repeating.

That signalman's shack was certainly a very long time in coming into view. As they rounded each curve the leg-weary trio eagerly scanned the stretch ahead, expecting to see their goal, but night found them, apparently, no nearer to it and a spirit of insubordination threatened to break out in the ranks.

"No grumbling, you pair of cast off gover'ment mules," said Tim, "you're only fit for gravel-crushers, anyway. Just one mile more and you'll see the light of Barney Doolan's cabin. Hurry

up, for he's surely waiting supper for us."

"Well," said Jumbo, meditatively, "he's an old policeman, like ourselves, and, as there seems to be no Roy'l Alexandra hereabouts, fit to accomodate multi-millioners like us, I suppose he will give us a hand out. So one more mile, and if that don't fetch it us two poor orphans will break your Irish neck, Tim Sullivan, and save the hangman a job."

After another half hour's tramp the welcome signal light of Gray Horse Siding came in view, and the spirits of the travelers rose. All grumbling ceased and the three pushed forward with renewed energy. This lonely siding was situated at the eastern end of what used to be called Gray Horse Canyon, where the road crossed a deep gully, and began to climb into the Pass. No one ever got off or on there and the station was merely for signaling purposes. The lonely resident of this dreary spot was, as has been said, an ex-Mounted Policeman, and his duties were to inspect the track, twice a day, between the Pass and his siding, and to get the signals by day and the signal lamps by night.

The bright glare of the "line clear" signal was blazing along the tracks as the three weary ones approached the shanty, but no sign of a human being was to be seen around.

"Dam poor look-out Barney keeps," whispered Tim, as they approached the door, "but, I suppose, there's nothing worth stealing, around here, 'cept the lamps."

The shack seemed to be deserted. No light shone from the solitary window, but, as Tim pushed open the door, he thought he heard a snore.

"Aha !" he cried, entering, "so you are asleep on guard, Barney, me boy. That's three months in the clink."

There was no reply, and Tim began, instinctively, to feel uneasy.

"Strike a match, one of you fellers," he said, in an undertone, "I've a hunch there is something wrong with this lay-out."

Jumbo struck a light, and held it above his head.

"Great snakes, and jumping grasshoppers!" he yelled, starting back and dropping the match.

"Here," cried Tim, "you idiot, what's the matter with you? Light another match. There is a lamp on the table."

In a second the lamp-light flooded the room and the signalman was discovered lying on the floor in a pool of blood with a gag between his teeth and his arms and legs bound securely with a half inch lariat.

The signalman was conscious, but unable to move or speak. It took only a few minutes to untie him. The blood on the floor came from a bullet wound on his left leg, a little below the knee. The bullet had shattered the bone and rendered him unable to stand so they laid him on his cot and while Jumbo started a fire, to get hot water, Shorty got ready a compress, to stop the bleeding.

For some moments the wounded man seemed too dazed to talk but Tim began to question him.

"Now Barney, me boy," he said "I want you to give an account of yerself, and, remember, anything ye say may be used in evidence again' ye. How did ye come to shoot an' rope an' gag yerself? Answer me that, if ye please."

"Don't be a blethering idiot, Tim Sullivan," said Jumbo, impatiently. "How could he rope and gag himself?"

"That's what I want to know," replied Tim. "Be still, boys, he's comin' to."

With a gasp, Barney Doolan sat up, a battered and bloody figure.

"I remimber now," he said, "an', Tim Sullivan, 'tis God's mercy ye're here. I got a crack on the head that knocked me cold, but I'll get 'em yet. Help me over to the key—there's not a minute to spare."

"Stay where you are," cried Shorty, as the injured man moved. "I can handle the key. What's the dope?"

"What's the time?" demanded the signalman, in turn.

"Eight-thirty-two."

"Thin there's not a second to lose. Call Preston an' tell thim to hold the west-bound."

"There's something wrong with the wire," said Shorty after tapping the

key for a moment. "Sure she's not down somewhere?"

"They've cut it," said Doolan, with a groan. "Try the west—call Mountain Peak."

"That's cut, too," said Shorty, trying the dead wire. "Can't get anything either way."

"The divils!" moaned Barney, falling back on his bed. "Oh, the divils! They're takin' no chances. An' me with this leg. My God, boys, what's to be done?"

Tim Sullivan, who had been doing what he could for the injured leg, laid it gently down now, and bent over Barney.

"Tell us what happened, Barney, dear," he said, "an' tell it quick."

The loss of blood was making the signalman light-headed, but he gathered himself together.

"'Twas this afternoon," he said thickly. "I was walkin' the west track, an' I found the rails ripped off on the bridge that spans Gray Horse Canyon. I didn't stay to look for the men who did it, but beat it back here to report before anny-thin' happened. An' I got back here all right, but before I cud get to the key they lit on me. I had me hand on the key, I'm tellin' ye, whin they covered me an' tould me to throw up me hands. I thought I cud send in a call before they cud get me, but Preston was slow to answer, an' I got this bullet in me leg an' a wipe over the head that put my light out. An'—an'—what's to be done?"

"Who were they?" demanded Tim.

"'Twas Dutch Abe an' his gang."

The three ex-Mounted Policemen exchanged glances. Dutch Abe was familiar to them all, and instinctively each man reached for his revolver and examined its loading. Again Tim bent over the signal-man, who was fast relapsing into coma.

"How much time have we, Barney?"

"West-bound due here at nine-forty-five," he murmured. "Not a minute to spare."

"An' this is the end o' the month," commented Tim, whose eyes were on a flaring dancing girl calendar, "an' the express messenger will have the pay for the Fernie mines in his car, or I'm as Dutch as Abe. 'Tis that they're after. Shorty, ye'll take your old lantern in your fist an' double back along the track as fast as the Man Up Above will let ye an' stop that train."

"What for?" grumbled Shorty. "We owe the C. P. R., nothin' to my my way o' thinkin'."

"An' have I been tachein' ye your duty for eighteen years an' you don't know better than that?" said Tim sternly. "Think o' the wimmen an' childer on that train? Are we going to stand by an' see Dutch Abe get thim? Ye know what he is. Run, as ye niver run before."

By this time Shorty had got the lantern ready and had pulled off his coat, to be able to run the faster.

"Cover the light," cautioned Tim, "until you hear the train coming, for some of the spalpeens might see it from their hiding place and that would give you away. Ye've got your gun,—that's right. When you hear the train a-coming get between the rails, wave yer danger signal, like a McLeod tin chimney in a gale o' wind, fire off yer gun and yell like a Blackfoot Indian loaded up on fire-water, and if that don't stop her, hit the engine-driver over the head with a brick. Then, after you climb on board and put them wise, steam along here,—slowly, mind,—and be ready for the fire-works. Now, then, off with ye."

When Shorty had started on his mission, like a marathon runner, all his fatigue forgotten, Tim turned to Jumbo.

"Now, then, Jumbo, me boy, it's up to you and me. How far is it to this place, where the rails are torn up?" he continued, bending over Doolan.

"About a mile west" was the faint answer.

"Well, Barney, me boy, we'll be leaving ye for a bit. Mr. Dutch Abe will be hiding there, and him and me have a little score to settle."

"Before ye go," said the signalman, "put a danger lamp in place of the clear light, outside, there."

"And warn Abe that the jig is up? Not on your life, me boy. If Shorty can't stop that train we will have to let Abe do it. Come, Jumbo, and

make that big body of yours as small as you can."

The light was extinguished in the shanty and the wounded man lay back on the bed, helpless, while the tall forms of the two ex-policemen cautiously groped their way amongst the stunted bushes that grew by the side of the track, and were lost to sight in the blackness of the starless night.

Around the smouldering remains of a camp-fire, underneath the trestle bridge that spanned Gray Horse Canyon, three men squatted silently, smoking cigarettes. The red glow of the dying fire cast a fitful light and revealed two saddle horses, tied to one of the supports of the bridge. A third horse, hitched to a rough-looking buckboard, stood at a little distance, where a winding trail led to the level ground above.

Dutch Abe and two of his gang of outlaws were about as villainous a bunch of cut-throats as was to be found in any part of the west. Horse-stealing, robbery with violence, arson and murder were crimes charged against them and they were badly wanted by the sheriffs of nine states, but more particularly, by the North West Mounted Police, who had chased them time and again, but, so far, had failed to effect their capture. Rewards, aggregating five thousand dollars, were offered by the States of Washington, Montana and Dakota, and one thousand dollars by the Canadian Government, for Dutch Abe himself dead or alive.

The three desperadoes smoked in silence. A look of intense alertness and expectancy was on each crime-hardened face. Each man's rifle rested against his knee. Every now and again Abe would consult his watch by the red glow of the dying fire. Suddenly one of the gang started, grasped his gun and sprang to his feet, peering intently into the darkness.

"What in hell ails you, Tex?" growled the chief, "Seen a spook?"

"Nix," said the bandit, returning to his seat, after a short pause, "thought I heard a twig snap."

"Jack-rabbit," said Abe, unmoved, "not a soul within twenty miles, except the hoodoo at the shack, and he ain't running around none. Train's late, ain't she?"

"Listen, "said the third man, holding up his hand.

Faint and far away to the east the scream of a locomotive whistle floated on the night air.

"Here comes our meat now," said Abe, briskly. "You all know what to do. We'll scatter from here in a minute, but there is plenty of time and I want you to pay strict attention——"

"Up with your hands, you dam' spalpeens, or we'll plug you full of holes!"

This startling command saluted the ears of the outlaws, out of the black darkness, and caused a panic. The robbers, however, did not obey the order; instead, after an instant's pause, each man reached for his rifle, when, from the opposite direction, a second voice broke the stillness.

"Drop them guns, you scoundrels," it said, "We have you surrounded and if you make a move we'll simply wipe you out."

"Fire and be damned," screamed Abe and, like a flash, he sent a bullet whizzing in the direction of the voice.

"All right," shouted the first voice, "your blood be on your own head. Give it to them, boys,—Fire!"

Like the scattering volley of a skirmishing line, Tim and Jumbo emptied their six-shooters into the demoralized gang, who, thinking themselves surrounded by a troop of Mounted Police, had no thought but to fight to the last, and kept up a steady fire into the darkness. But they were fighting an unseen foe, while, on the other hand, they were prevented, by the nature of the ground, from getting to cover. They were caught in a trap of their own setting. On one side rose a sheer wall to the top of the bank, in the opposite direction the gorge of the canyon dropped to the river, a thousand feet below, and in front and rear they were menaced by, as they thought, a dozen belching guns. The fight, therefore, was short and sharp, and when the smoke had cleared away Abe and another man were stretched on the ground, while the remaining desperado was discovered on his knees, with his hands

over his head, yelling for mercy.

Tim, six-shooter in hand, advanced into the circle of light and called to Jumbo, who came limping towards him, with a bullet in his leg—but his gun held ready for action.

"Rope that calf, Jumbo," said Tim, "and stop his dam' row. Hullo, Abe," he continued, as the outlaw chief slowly raised his head, "How are you?"

"I'm—all in—dam' you!" he panted.

Tim gathered up the fire-arms and threw them in a heap. Jumbo had bound the man who surrendered with a lariat from one of the saddle-horns; the third man was dead. A glance was enough to tell them that Abe was mortally wounded, so the comrades compared notes.

"How is it with you, Jumbo?" asked Tim.

"Bullet in my calf. How are you, old man?"

"Left arm broken above the elbow.—Here comes the train!"

At that moment a loud blast from the engine cut the night air and, with a grinding of brakes, the express came to a standstill a few hundred yards from the broken bridge. A crowd of passengers and trainmen with lanterns, swarmed along the bank and upon the bridge, peering down eagerly at the scene below. Many of them were armed and were covering the two ex-policemen until Shorty yelled to them to stop.

"Can't you see it is all over but the shouting? We're too late for the circus."

"That you, Shorty?" called Tim, from below, "Everything went all right, eh?"

"Like a bloomin' half-breed wedding. And you?"

"We got 'em, easy as falling off a log," laughed Tim. "Jumbo and me surrounded them, while they was waiting for you folks to take a tumble. One's a stiff, another's a prisoner and Abe, himself, is about to cash in. Say, is there a doctor in the crowd?"

There was a doctor, as it happened, and in a very few minutes the two outlaws were placed under guard in the baggage car, where their wounds were attended to, while Jumbo and Tim, in the sleeping-car, were receiving medical attention and the thanks and congratulations of the passengers and trainmen, amongst whom was Mr. Lane, the western Superintendent of the road.

"Mr. Sullivan," he said, warmly grasping Tim's uninjured hand, "I want to thank you, and your brave comrades, in the name of the company, for this night's work. Had it not been for your promptness, courage, and astonishing ability, we would have had to face one of the worst disasters this road has ever known, and a loss of life that would have plunged the whole country into mourning."

"Aw, cut it out!" interrupted Shorty, "we wasn't thinking about your blasted company at all. It was the wimmin and children that counted."

"I know," continued the Superintendent, "that no thought of reward entered into your calculations in this noble action—"

"Hould on," said Tim. "What did you say?"

"I said, your noble action, this night, was without thought of—"

"My 'noble action,'" repeated Sullivan, meditatively. "That's what Norah wanted me to do. Perhaps she'll marry me now."

"I don't know who Norah is," said Mr. Lane, "but if she is your sweetheart, she has every reason to be proud of you. If you and your two comrades will enter the secret service of the company, we will be glad to have you on your own terms."

"A moment, Mr. Lane, if you please," said a tall, military-looking man, who had been quietly looking on, while this little dialogue was taking place, "I think I have a prior right to these men."

"I beg your pardon, Colonel," said the Superintendent, "I don't think you have."

"They shall decide, "said the Colonel. "Men, you don't know who I am, nor did I dream, until to-night, that my ignorance of your real merits was going to cost the country so dear. I happen to be the Mounted Police officer who was responsible for your discharge from the force some time ago, but after this night's work I see my error. Men like

you cannot be spared. Canada cannot do without you."

"Aw, rats," said Shorty.

"She thought she could do widout us a week ago, Colonel," said Tim.

"She did not know she was losing such good men."

"It took her a helluva long time to find it out!" said Shorty.

"I need only say," continued the officer," that, if you will come back there will be a sergeantcy for each of you and, perhaps, something better in the near future."

"And will our time still count for the pension?"

"Certainly it will."

"And we'll get the reward coming to us for corralling Dutch Abe?"

"Of course. You get that, anyway, whether you re-join or not."

"What do you say, fellers?" asked Tim, turning to his comrades. "Shall we take another blanket? Sergeant Sullivan sounds all right to me."

"Where you go I go, "said Jumbo, "Sergeant Evans' is good enough for me."

"And I go with Jumbo," said Shorty, "sergeant or no sergeant."

"Anyway," concluded Tim, "although we've had our misfortunes, we were not cut out for swivel-eyed detectives. All right, sir," he said to the officer, "we'll report for duty at McLeod to-morrow and bring along our prisoners——an' bejabers I'll marry Norah, after all."

THE PLOUGHMAN

BY S. JEAN WALKER

SEE as he toils upon yon upland lea.
How each long furrow patiently is rolled,
How the dark lines are lying fold on fold.
The soft spring winds are blowing round me free,
Drawing the leaves in love from earth and tree.
The saucy squirrel frisks near with daring bold,
The mating birds flit by with love-born glee,
Where fronds are springing from their leaf beds curled.

Does he, too, feel a subtle thrill and glow,
Or, are his thoughts so borne with sordid care,
That these sweet joys are to his soul denied?
And yet he is a part of all, and so I know,
Will life all blend and be a picture fair,
When our last furrow's turned at eventide.

Where the Otter Hides

By J. H. Reed

With Illustrations by L. Pern Bird

THIS land is full of sylvan beauty. It is not alone the broad landscape, with its great breadth of colour, its greens and gold, ever varying as masses of clouds, sailing before the wind, throw dark shadows over the golden grain or the emerald of the meadows, only to break into smiling radiance as the sun kisses them once again with its living, quickening beams.

Every nook has a charm of its own. Here is a deep rift scored in an upland of the hills. A singing rill, a foot or so broad, rushes adown the rocky bed with sweet music, tumbling over many a mimic waterfall into the pools below. Young oaks clung to the banks with masses of polypody on their outstretched arms, and an ancient holly stretched its long pendant branches downward, as though its tips would sip of the waters below.

The banks were a vision of beauty. Hanging curtains of lady ferns, delicate and fragile, and the long, sword-like fronds of the snake-fern, with serrated edges, hung in rich profusion down the steep sides.

Here and there the star-like asphodel lifted its beautiful flowers, asking the solitary visitor to admire its golden blooms. Mosses clustered on the fringe of the rill, and, loving the soft cushions, the delicate bell-like pink flowers of the water pimpernel lay, soft sheltered, on the mossy stems; while here and there were the charming blue cups of the tiny ivy-leaved campanula. These two delightful flowers were surely made for fairy balls. Nothing could be more lovely to adorn the belles than the little pimpernel, and the brilliant campanula would for certain be chosen by the young dandies when dancing round the fairy rings in the silver light of the harvest mo

Sunbeams threw shafts of light on the nodding ferns, and made the waters ls as they broke into r the rocks into the

The picture was finished as a yellow its beautiful plumage, l from rock to rock, as though the beauty was all its own.

The farmer looked disconsolate; he did not like the boats floating above

field and wood; there was "something brewing somewhere." The boats to us were only beautiful bits of snowy masses rent from far-away cloudland, and making the blue above more lovely. To the farmer they were little worries, because of the broad acres of gold across the farms which were waiting to fall before the reaper. We cared not for wind or rain, for the otter hounds were to hunt our stream to-day.

The meet was at the foot of the slope by Stogumber Station, and the company all on foot, in striking contrast to the mounted hunters when the stag is chased across the heather-clad hills rising behind the uplands. The hounds were fine-limbed, strong, and fit. There were a dozen or so of the kind which hunt the stag and fox, and three shaggy creatures with dark coats were of the old breed of otter hounds. One of the huntsmen held in leash two wiry, sharp-nosed, keen little terriers—the most eager and excited of all. I held them while the huntsmen crossed an awkward fence, and was surprised at the strength of the pull of the little creatures, who would not be denied their share of the sport. Their special work was to bait the otter in his retreat and turn him out for the hounds to hunt.

The master, secretary and huntsmen were in scarlet coats, with grey bowlers, breeches and stockings. The latter had a tuck above the boots; when turned down it covered the tops and prevented mud and gravel from getting inside while dashing across the stream when the hunt was keen.

The rest of the followers were very mixed: keen old sportsmen clad in grey, carrying poles with blunt iron ends for probing the banks to drive out the otter lurking below; bright, enthusiastic girls, heedless of brambles and nettles, water and mud, so that they could see the fun; and visitors from distant towns eager to share the frolic of the chase.

Some of these visitors had quaint ideas about the hunt. One asked if the otter was brought in a bag and then turned out for the hounds to chase. The bag was not forthcoming, but it was reported to the master that an otter had been marked down stream, and so a move was made towards the old mill below.

To hunt an animal well and with success knowledge of his habits and ways is needful, but of the otter less is known than of most animals, for he is a night prowler and rarely seen. To hunt in the dark to find food for the young litter at home, as well as for itself, seems a somewhat hopeless task, but nature has given the otter a wonderful weapon for the work—a nose which is a very network of nerves to scent the fish on which it feeds. As the old huntsman in the "Compleat Angler" said: "I can tell you that this dog-fisher, for so the Latins call him, can smell a fish in the water a hundred yards from him." He starts on the search for food after sunset, and ere rosy morn tinges the sky seeks his lair again, for the "witches of Kirk Alloway" never shunned the break of day more than an old dog otter. All day long he is shy to see the sun, and is snugly sleeping on the dry ledges of a drain, mayhap, very near to the farm, or, to put the hounds off the scent, he may reach a snug retreat by an entrance under water, which, rising upward, leads to a dry and safe hiding place.

But, like other thieves of the night, they leave clues behind them. There is the otter's seal, the footprints on the margin of the brook, the impress of the five toes—a dog and a fox have but four—and then the "drag," the sure tell-tale marks where he fished last night, and these will help in the hunt to-day, for we are on the trail.

The master had seen the signs of a fine animal, and the hunt began in earnest amid the rank foliage below the old mill. Hounds were racing through a mass of the huge leaves of the butter bur, and from the high bank it was a pretty sight to watch the red coats flitting amid the dark green foliage. Through the tangled undergrowth hounds and hunt came into the meadow. The hounds swam every deep pool, and searched every nook with the greatest eagerness, the hunt following, now by the banks, then dashing across stream, or scrambling through thorny hedge of bramble brake. Naught stopped man or

THE FARMER LOOKED DI

hound, boy or girl, when the hunt wa keen. A splash now and again told a little tale, or a deep muttering of a short word a larger rent and deeper scratches than usual.

NOTHING STOPPED MAN OR HOUND, BOY OR GIRL, WHEN THE HUNT WAS KEEN

close to the turf and tail uncurved, it was interesting to watch the hounds search every inch of the way until they took to the water again.

Now an old hound speaks: its bell-like tone arouses the greatest excitement—the otter is there. On both banks the greatest keenness was evinced to see the rare animal.

The master is in a pool, waist-deep, searching every nook; poles are in deadly earnest probing the banks to make the otter bolt, and watchers are on the alert, up and down the stream, to catch sight of a hunted animal stealing away; but nothing came of it, and the disappointed are again away down stream to try once more.

So the laughing, merry hunters follow, and the hunt goes on, the splashing and the dashing of hounds through the waters frightening the fish, and sending the bewildered moorhens scur[illegible]

Drag" was found here and there and by-streams as well as the main stream for two or three miles were searched, until scent and signs were no more, and so we must hunt back again.

At the old spot, on the return, there was the same excitement, the uplifted [illegible] the old hound, the dashing into the stream, and the same failure as before.

The next move was to the waters above the mill, and so by the alders and willows and the ever-curving waters we came, and now and again a fine bit of colour was seen.

Masses of purple loosestrife with spikes more than a foot long, great plants of pink willow herb, and hemp agrimony, all in glorious bloom, fringed the bank where the hunt was abandoned, for the cunning old otter had foiled master and hounds now, only to be hunted another day.

Otter hunting is good fun for city visitors; they can follow afoot without let or hindrance, save for barbed wire, thorns, and an accidental spill into a bed of nettles, which worry once in a while. It is a summer sport, and for the many who ride not, and mind not a mishap at times, the beauty of the stream and the many adventures are delightful, especially if the otter is not caught after all.

There are four interesting villages within two miles of the farm, so there is plenty of choice for evening service. Bicknoller clusters around the mouth of a beautiful combe, Stogumber hangs on the side of a hill and wanders

a little way up a valley, Sampford Brett is across the meadows, and we hear the music of its bells floating over the plain, and rejoice, for they tell of fine weather on the morrow, much needed for the delayed harvest; and, hidden in a deep valley, Monksilver, which we select for evening service.

It is a glorious evening, and as the two score villagers sing of the golden gates—within—the sunbeams throw a glorious radiance across the golden grain—without. Through open doors and windows we see the rolling hills; their sloping, ample sides are laughing for very joy, and the great fields of waving grain send whisperings of sweet music adown the aisle on the still, evening air.

The spirit of gladness pervaded the service. There were good voices in the choir, and it was a surprise and delight to listen to the beautiful old-world anthem, "How beautiful upon the mountains." It brought memories of another choir of long ago in a far-away eastern shire. The vicar, in simple and well-chosen words, exhorted his little flock to "Sing unto the Lord a new song." It was a pleasant and helpful service.

The story runs that the south aisle was built by a pious blacksmith, who made a vow to enlarge, as a thank-offering, the church in the village that brought him prosperity. The date is 1350, and the windows are good examples of the Perpendicular period. In the upper tracery the ancient glass remains. Here are the four evangelists the bleeding heart, the wounded hands, the crown of thorns and the upright pillar and whips which told of the sufferings of Christ. In another window are the pincers, hook-knife and hammer, the tools of the craft of the smith who loved his church.

By the door is an old alms box with a triple lock, bearing the date 1634. We wonder why it needed so many locks: maybe it betokened a want of trust. Evidently a watchful eye must be kept on the vicar or his churchwardens, for there must be a meeting of the three ere the box could be opened in those early Stuart times.

The village, with the brook laving the edges of its cottage gardens, all aglow with old-fashioned flowers, is pretty, though small. An old chronicler more than a century ago said: "The average christenings are annually six, and the burials five"; and it grows but slowly.

Mists hung over the hills, fleeting, white cloudlets passed over the blue, while a bow hung in the clouds, encircling farm and homestead, and smiling a blessing on the good friends left behind, as we sped homewards, carrying with us clustering delights garnered in this charming Quantockland.

With Aviator No. 6

by H. M. Egbert

SYNOPSIS.

Anne Ives, an adventurous Winnipeg school-teacher and daughter of the disinherited son of the Comte d'Yves of Clichy, goes to the Coronation, and on shipboard makes the acquaintance of one Leopold Magniff, the reprobate son of a Paris banker. The elder Magniff, who is an enemy of Anne Ives' grandfather, has in his possession certain bonds bequeathed to Anne by her father. The younger Magniff, ignorant of her identity, reveals to her his scheme to get the bonds from his father, and is defied by her. She attends an aviation meet near London and impulsively makes a flight with a mysterious bird-man, "Aviator No. 6," in his monoplane. At the Coronation she meets her bird-man again, and learns that he is her cousin, Chevalier Charles d'Yves, in [illegible] with her grandfather on an important diplomatic mission. While attending the Coronation she is robbed of her purse containing her key to the vault containing her bonds. She borrows money and goes to Paris to recover them from the elder Magniff, to whom she reveals his son's plot. He finally offers her 50,000 francs for her bonds, payable in three weeks, which she accepts. The Comte d'Yves and the Chevalier visit her, thinking her a spy. She reveals their relationship, the Chevalier tells her he loves her, and she goes to Clichy as his fiancee. The elder Magniff holds a spite mortgage on Clichy, interest on which falls due in a few days. As they cannot meet it, Clichy must be sacrificed. On the appointed day the younger Magniff comes to take possession of Clichy, and renews his pursuit of Anne, who finds a way to meet the interest and foil Magniff's vengeance. Charles and Anne are formally betrothed and get her bonds from the elder Magniff's safe. Among them is the draft of an important treaty stolen from Charles in London, and both he and Anne are thrown into prison as traitors. Magniff brings Madame Zeuxis, wife of his son's confederate, to testify to Anne's guilt, but instead she testifies that the younger Magniff and her husband stole the treaty, intending to throw the guilt on the Chevalier. Anne forces the elder Magniff to obtain her release and determines to fly to Corsica in Charles's aeroplane to bring back Zeuxis and by his evidence free the Chevalier. After a long and arduous flight, she reaches Scouto, and finds Zeuxis, who is completely crushed at the sight of her [illegible] cousin, and he confesses. Just as he has yielded, and restored her the bonds he had stolen, Leopold Magniff appears from his yacht, and claims Anne as his wife, taking her on board his craft, where Zeuxis follows and kills him. In his dying moments Leopold gives Anne a full confession, exonerating the Chevalier, and orders his crew to take her to France. Once arrived, she secures a special train and arrives in Paris just in time to free Charles.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. SPRATT TO THE RESCUE.

In which I discover that the Comte Napoleon is by no means a negligible quantity.

My dramatic appearance before the military tribunal had been none too soon. In accordance with the usual procedure the court had convened at six o'clock in the morning. In fact, at the moment of my appearance with the proof of Charles's innocence the judges were already preparing to retire for the consideration of their verdict; and that verdict could have been of one nature alone.

My proofs threw an entirely new complexion upon the affair. While insufficient to secure Charles's immediate acquittal, they were of a nature so startling—implicating, as they did,

three Powers of Europe and unveiling an international conspiracy—that an adjournment was immediately obtained. A week later, when the tribunal reconvened, Charles was acquitted with the merest formalities, his sword restored to him, and, a little subsequently, he received the coveted Legion of Honor from the President's hand.

He told me afterward that he had never doubted the ultimate verdict of the court; what had driven him almost to frenzy was his inability to learn anything concerning me. Of my wild flight to Corsica he had been kept in complete ignorance.

Of this, and the ensuing death of the two chief conspirators, they say I told the presiding judge in detail. But of all that I have not the least remembrance. A violent attack of meningitis, the result of the physical and mental distress which I had undergone, confined me to my bed for weeks, during most of which period I was raving in delirium. I lived over again and again those awful scenes in Corsica and aboard the yacht; and ever I seemed hurrying to catch a special train which just eluded me at every station on each railroad line of France.

When I opened my eyes at last to consciousness they fell first upon Charles's mother. I was back in my room in Clichy, and she was seated beside me, watching me with that anxious and yet serene gaze which I had learned to know during those arduous days after my first arrival there. When she saw recognition in my eyes she began to weep quietly. She bent down and pressed her lips to my forehead.

"Charles?" was my first word.

"Hush!" she said, smiling, and tiptoed softly out of the room. A moment later she reappeared, Charles at her side. He knelt beside my bed and raised my fingers to his lips. He was attired in his complete uniform; I understood the meaning of that. There was no need to ask the judges' verdict.

We were supremely happy during those early days of my convalescence, when I could sit in my invalid chair under the pergola in the gardens, inhaling strength with every breath of the soft September airs. In those days we four, Charles and I, his mother and our grandfather, the old Comte, forged a link that has made our lives inseparable. We shall never part, any of us, so long as we live; and in spite of his four and eighty years I hope and think that there will be many more years of activity for the Comte d'Yves.

One day, when I was almost well, I suddenly thought of the bonds which I had brought back from Corsica; those famous bonds without which this history would never have been written, nor Charles and I ever have met. I asked for them, and Charles's mother, who had been anticipating such a request, rose and brought them to me from the drawer of her escritoire.

"Is it not strange," I said, "that Magniff has not inquired for them? Or has he?"

Charles looked at his mother inquiringly, and she nodded her head. "Tell her, Charles," she said.

"Magniff will be here to-morrow," he answered. "Then he will require them."

"But what is he coming for besides?" I asked. And then the dreadful knowledge flashed over me. "For Clichy?" I demanded

Charles nodded. "The interest fell due yesterday," he answered. "There is no hope of meeting it, Anne. Clichy must pass out of our hands; we have grown, in a way, reconciled to the loss and have already planned our future. We have packed everything and start to-morrow evening for Paris."

"Has not the tragic death of his son softened him?" I asked.

Charles laughed. "It has embittered him," he answered. "The fact is, Anne, he has aged greatly during the past month; he seems to be approaching a mental and physical breakdown; but with the death of Leopold he has concentrated all his thoughts upon the fulfilment of his long-cherished revenge for the affronts which he claims my grandfather put upon him so many years ago. I have pleaded with him to make some new arrangement which would leave Clichy to us. Some of our foreign investments have

turned out unexpectedly profitable and would permit us to take a new mortgage and keep up the estate. But Magniff's sole thought is his revenge—and so, to-morrow, Clichy surrenders to the enemy for the first time in her history."

I could not restrain my tears. "If only I had not sold him the bonds," I said. "Charles, grandfather, can such a bargain hold, seeing that I did not know the incalculable value that they were to him? Why, I could have obtained millions. You told me that he must have the bonds to deliver to the American government; that they are already sold. Why, I could have bankrupted him."

"The word of the d'Yves has never been withdrawn, Anne," answered my grandfather. "What the law is, matters nothing. You sold the bonds; unless the sale itself were invalid in law, it were better to lose Clichy than to try to reclaim them upon the grounds you mention."

"But," I said angrily, "he owes me 50,000 francs for the bonds—the price at which I sold them. Can he not be made to pay this before we lose Clichy, so that we can meet the interest upon the mortgage?"

Charles shook his head sadly. "Under the law," he said, "he need not pay for the bonds until the formalities connected with their transfer have been completed. That is the reason why he has not asked for them before. He does not mean to pay for them before Clichy is his. You appealed to him upon this subject once before in vain. And we—well, I asked him again fruitlessly."

We said no more. I wished to leave before Magniff's arrival, but the others vetoed this proposition emphatically.

"We must stay and surrender in person, Anne," they told me. "We'll haul down our own flag."

And so, the following afternoon, we sat in the reception room awaiting the old banker's arrival.

He came at two o'clock. It was the first time that he had set foot in Clichy in some five and twenty years, and he did not conceal his sense of triumph. Shocked as I was at the change in him —for he presented the aspect of extreme old age—I could not but feel disgust at the insolence of his bearing, at the scarcely veiled contempt with which he treated us. His first word was as to the bonds; and, when I had handed them to him, he scrutinized them for long, reading each letter carefully, as though to assure himself that I had not tricked him with a forgery. At last, satisfied, he handed me his receipt.

"If you will send me your future address, Mademoiselle," he said blandly, "a check for fifty thousand francs will be sent to you within a week upon the conclusion of the legal formalities." And he sat back and gloated and rubbed his thin hands together, chuckling over our discomfiture.

My indignation overcame my powers of repression. I could not hold back the words that poured forth from my lips.

"So you have achieved your life purpose, your long-sought revenge," I cried. "You turn an old man from his home, the home of his ancestors during eight hundred years—and for some fancied slight in the long past. Well, make the most of your triumph during the few years of life remaining for you. But when he meets you before the judgment seat of the Almighty, how will you justify yourself? Hasn't life taught you anything? It's hard enough for all, but unless it teaches forgiveness and justice, compassion and humility, of what use is it? Has not your son's death shown you the the futility of revenge, has it not taught anything to you?"

"Anne!" said Charles's mother imploringly.

The old banker smiled, as though the situation amused him. "I only claim my own," he answered, rubbing his hands again. "I am a business man, Mademoiselle. Business knows none of the abstract qualities you have enumerated."

Then the grotesque came treading upon tragedy's heels. Our ancient servitor flung upon the door.

"Les Cooks, Madame!" he announced impassively.

"The what?" cried Charles, startled.

The ancient man explained. A *char-a-banc*, containing some Cook's tourists—foreigners, he expounded, apologetically—had come from Paris and begged permission to see the famous castle of which they had heard so much.

"Show them in," said Charles's mother. "Have tea made. Pray remain, Monsieur Magniff. This is your property now."

"It will be at six o'clock this evening," said the banker, implacably.

"Les Cooks!" announced the serving man from the doorway, and upon the word a party of three entered—a man and two women. My eyes opened wide with amazement. Was I dreaming? Or were these really Mary Jenner, my one-time room-mate. . . . and little Mr. Spratt. . . . . and Estelle Christie, whom I had left in London?

"Anne!" screamed Estelle, flinging her arms round my neck. "O, my dearest Anne, who would have thought of seeing you here? We read all about you in the newspapers, and when Mary Jenner came to London to ask me where you were I told her that we must positively go to Clichy, even though you weren't there."

"Not here?" I stammered.

"Why, Anne, the newspapers said that you had gone to Copenhagen to instruct the Crown Prince in the art of aviation."

"A little device of mine," said Charles, smiling. "Just to avoid newspaper reporters."

Estelle opened her eyes.

"Well," she gasped at last, "If I don't make Cedar Plank, Iowa, sit up and hum when I get back, I'll send my resignation to the Ladies' Club." And I believe she meant it.

Then Mary and I kissed each other, and next I introduced the whole party to one another, not exclusive of Magniff, who, retiring into a corner immediately afterward, absorbed himself in reading something that looked like title deeds which he drew from his coat pocket. It was evident that he resented this comic interlude in the development of his own personal, private melodrama.

"So Mr. Spratt and you really took the trip," I said to Mary.

"Not alone, not alone," said Mr. Spratt hastily. "We're with a party in Paris—a large party of Winnipeg teachers. Just came out to Clichy for the day to see the place where we thought you weren't, you know, Miss Anne."

"I condole with you on the disappointment of learning that it was the place where I was," I answered. Somehow the memory of the innumerable snubbings that I had administered to Mr. Spratt compelled me to continue them.

But to my amazement Mr. Spratt refused to be snubbed again. Instead of blushing and retiring behind the person nearest him he looked at me quizzically, until I had to lower my eyes. And then I knew that something had happened!

It was another Mr. Spratt that faced me. He seemed to have emerged from his shyness like a butterfly from its cocoon. He was not embarrassed in the least degree. I glanced from him to Mary and saw that her face was rosy.

"Mary!" I gasped. "When—when is it to be?"

"In—in June," she murmured, looking like a fresh beet.

I recollected a certain letter in my possession in which she had alluded to her fiancee as "an odious little persecutor", and for a moment mean thoughts assailed me. For, though I had never in the least reciprocated Mr. Spratt's undoubted passion for me, I did not like having Mary, my best friend, commandeer him from me. Then my good angel came to my assistance.

"I congratulate you both," I said, "and wish you the greatest happiness in the world."

Then we had tea, while Magniff brooded in his corner. I noticed that he had glanced repeatedly toward the mantel, and, after cogitating upon the cause of his manifest uneasiness, suddenly the truth flashed upon me.

He meant to take possession at six o'clock! And it was now a quarter after five.

I resolved to give him the worst three quarters of an hour that he had ever spent in all his money-grubbing life. Our eyes met across the party. I read hate and hostility in his; what he saw in my own I do not know, but after a while he ceased to watch me and again began reading his title-deeds.

I was thinking so busily that I hardly heard the conversation that was taking place until suddenly Mary sprang out of her chair and came over to me, her eyes beaming.

"Anne," she cried, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you—?" I muttered absently.

"That you were engaged," said Mary, looking hurt and reproachful. "O, I'm so glad and proud of you, Anne! And will you both promise faithfully to come to Canada when the next school year ends?"

Then, like a worm that turns, Mr. Spratt turned himself about in his chair.

"Speaking of the school year," he said, "are you aware, Miss Anne, that under law you forfeit your contributions to the teachers' pension fund?"

"Dear me, how dreadful!" I answered sarcastically. "It is such a serious matter."

"It is serious;" answered Mr. Spratt, hugging himself, "not by reason of the amount involved but because it strikes at a principle deeply rooted in the laws and customs of the Anglo-Saxon race it penalizes marriage. Now in France they manage things differently. The admirable Code Napoleon, as you have doubtless read in the copy of my work which I presented to you—"

"Dear me, Mr. Spratt, will you be very offended if I mention that I didn't quite finish it?" I inquired.

Mr. Spratt ignored my interruption completely.

"That admirable compilation, the Code Napoleon," he resumed, "distinctly lays down the principle that the betrothal of a minor annuls all pecuniary contracts that have not been actually put into execution. Consequently under the Code your pension fund would be returnable."

"But I am not a minor," I interrupted.

"The age of majority, under the Code Napoleon, is not necessarily twenty-one, Miss Anne," said Mr. Spratt in grave rebuke. "For certain purposes, as this, it is twenty-five. In other cases—"

I saw the banker drop his title deeds and grasp at the seat of his chair. His face was drawn and tense. Next moment I amazed Mr. Spratt by springing to his side and clasping both his hands in mine.

"Say that again; I didn't catch it," I panted. "Under the Code Napoleon I am a minor for financial purposes and the—the betrothal—"

"The betrothal of a minor annuls all contracts of a pecuniary nature, that have not actually been carried into effect," reiterated Mr. Spratt. "Therefore—"

"My dearest Anne, what are you driving at?" asked Charles.

I walked over to Mr. Magniff.

"My bonds," I said, and flung down his receipt before him.

He rose up, tottering, and grasped the edge of the table.

"It has been carried into effect," he almost screamed. "You can have the money at once—before six o'clock. I don't mind renewing the mortgage—I was—I meant to all along. I—I—I—"

"My bonds, please," I repeated quietly.

"I'll give you a hundred thousand for them, then," he cried. "You wouldn't rob me, bankrupt me, by a legal trick like that? You're people of honor. That's all very well for tricky tradesmen, but not for the d'Yves. You can't afford to play a trick like that on me."

"My bonds, Mr. Magniff," I reiterated implacably.

Charles came up and placed his arm round me. He understood.

"No, let him keep the bonds, Anne," he said. "He's right. We don't do things like that."

"Then," I said decisively, "you must keep Clichy. That is the price of them. Do you agree?" I continued, turning to Magniff.

He groaned as though my words had been a thrust of a sword. I pushed some paper toward him and, dipping a quill into the ink, placed it in his hands.

"Write," I said, dictating. "'For value received, namely, bonds (I enumerated them), now in my possession, I hereby agree to relinquish to Anne Ives all rights that I possess to the castle and estate of Clichy, together with the mortgage upon the same, which I now hold, and all the accumulated interest.' Is that legal?" I asked, turning to the astounded Mr. Spratt.

"Irregular, but unassailable under the Code," answered the little man, rising heroically to the occasion.

Magniff signed his name and Estelle and Charles affixed their signatures as witnesses.

"Now go, Mr. Magniff," I said, pointing to the door. "And, if you can profit by it, take with you that forgiveness which you yourself denied."

Mary and Mr. Spratt have promised to spend their honeymoon with Charles and me at Clichy next July. "And all that I regret," wrote Mary in her last letter, "is that you have had nearly a year's start of us in matrimony. But you haven't had any start of us in sheer and undiluted happiness."

"We'll take them riding in our new aeroplane," said Charles, when he had read Mary's letter. Then we went out to look at her in the new hangar. Charles says that when aviation becomes safer he'll let me ride again. But after my flight to Corsica I'm not sure that I shall ever want to.

Charles pointed to the name upon her frame, and smiled. "That will puzzle your friends," he said. "They don't know all that we know, do they, Anne?"

The name is "La Mascotte."

The End

VAGABOND AIR

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

THE wind is warm, the wind is sweet,
The weary winter's done;
And I, a ragged fluter, go
A-singing in the sun.

Oh, some folk sing for minted gold,
And some for fame, and some
Because a maiden's eyes are blue
And crocuses are come.

Ah, let them sing for love or praise,
Their chinking shekels run,
But flute and I will jog along,
A-singing in the sun!

From a Brave Man's Journal

FIRST PAPER

By Arthur Hawkes

THE resurrection of books is a delightful phenonemon of these modern days. Tne cheap edition is a commercial speculation. The dear edition is a commercial sacrifice. The Champlain Society of Canada exists largely for uncommercial resurrection purposes. It knows that there is a wealth of literature about Canada, written when the country was a curiosity in geography, which should be turned to modern account—some of it burned out of popular remembrance, some of it stillborn on the knees of History, all of it valuable against the day when the full story of this great land will be justly written.

The latest resurrection is of the Journal of Samuel Hearne's Journey 1769-72 from Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay, to the Northern Ocean—to the mouth of the Coppermine River. It was first published in 1795, after Hearne's death, and now reappears with an introduction by Mr. J. B. Tyrrell and notes by him and Mr. Preble of Washington. The book is the first of the Champlain Society which deals with the West—an appropriate circumstance, perhaps, because the West was first reached by Englishmen from the Hudson Bay Coast, and was for long regarded as promising nothing but fur to the progress of civilization. It is appropriate too, that Hearne's book should have been edited and expounded by a mining engineer, for it was a by-product of the hunger for mineral wealth which, at different times, beset the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay. For nearly fifty years the secret of the fate of Captain Knight's expedition was hidden on Marble Island—an expedition that was designed to discover precious metals on the mysterious, unexplored and fatal road to China, whose later victims included Franklin and his heroic men. After the Knight remains had been discovered in 1767 an overland search for minerals was projected. The Indians who came to Fort Churchill from the far north-west told of great deposits of copper on a a river that flowed into the farthest sea. They produced chunks of the metal—such, I presume, as I have seen in Mr. Tyrrell's possession, that were brought to Churchill by Indians of this present time. The lust for mineral wealth took hold of Governor Norton at Churchill, and he sent young Hearne to find this precious store. Hearne was neither a mineralogist nor a master of men. His years were but twenty-four, and though he found the copper, the day of dividends from it is not yet. But the story of his adventure comes back, and it is as interesting as a mining prospectus, and with nearly all the appearance of truth and a great deal more of its substance than are embalmed in most documents of that kind.

Hearne was very much less than a mining engineer. His editor is very much more. He has led expeditions across some of the country traversed by Hearne, which had been traversed by no other white men since Hearne. He was in the service of the Geological Survey of Canada, and has reported the results of many years' investigation from the Winnipeg River to the Yukon,

in a series of reports that are as full of scientific meat as they are devoid of romantic fancy.

In Mr. Tyrrell's written work you have to find for yourself the glamour that properly belongs to the deeds his pen so modestly describes. He does not show you the color and glow of exploratory work, but lets you see where it is.

Let me take an example of what I mean. Says Tyrrell:

> It has been my good fortune to travel over parts of the same country through which Hearne had journeyed one hundred and twenty-three years before me, and into which no white man had ventured during the intervening time. The conditions which I found were just as he describes, except that the inhabitants had changed. The Chipewyan Indians, whom he found occupying advantageous positions everywhere as far as the north end of Dubawnt Lake, had disappeared, and in their places the country had been occupied by scattered bands and families of Eskimos, who had almost forgotten the ocean shores of the north, from which they had come. They were depending entirely, for food and clothing, on the caribou, which they killed on the banks of the inland streams and lakes. Traces of old Indian encampments were seen in a few of the scattered groves that are growing along the banks of the Dubawnt Kazan Rivers, but these camps had evidently not been occupied for many years.

This matter of fact paragraph is really a text for what might have been an absorbingly interesting discourse. Mr. Tyrrell justly says of Hearne's book, that it will "always remain a classic in American Ethnology". Hearne reached the Arctic ocean because the Indians took him there. There was enmity between Indians and Eskimos, and when the Hearne party caught an Eskimo encampment at the last falls of the Coppermine River, they slew them in a manner which Hearne describes with disturbing faithfulness. The place of the massacre has ever since been called "Bloody Falls". Mr. Tyrrell has not been to Bloody Falls; but he knows all about the feelings of the Eskimo towards the Indians, though he contents himself with telling us that the Indians have disappeared from the Barren Grounds.

Picture, if you like, the deserted camps of the red men, the scattered bands of the Eskimo, living on caribou meat; the advent of Mr. Tyrrell and his party at the place on the Kazan River where Hearne crossed and where the migrating caribou cross now as they did in his day, to be speared by the Eskimo. See, as Mr. Tyrrell can in his mind, a solitary Eskimo marching southward to a Hudson Bay port, carrying a letter from Mr. Tyrrell to any Hudson's Bay Company's factor, requesting that the bearer of a pair of field glasses that were lost on the barrens be rewarded with a carton of tobacco, for which payment will be made through the Government bankers in Ottawa. Imagine if you can, the terror with which a camp of Eskimos on the Yatkyed River observed the approach of Tyrrell's canoes, thinking that they carried the dreaded Indians, believe that these same dreaded Indians have abandoned the Barren Lands, because of their fear of the terrible Eskimos, try to transport yourself to that region of caribou and loneliness, reflect that there is land, land all the way, on which you may walk from the elegant cities of the St. Lawrence to the Coppermine, contemplate the possibility of a railway running to Bloody Falls, and you get an idea of how Tyrrell could have thrown a spell over his own experience, which while it might illumine Hearne's period, might also outshine Hearne's narrative.

Where Mr. Tyrrell can put his hand on a spot mentioned by Hearne—though Hearne's locations on his map are nearly all faulty because of the partial efficiency of his scientific equipment—and say, "I found it here, even as it was in Hearne's time," he does it with the air of a man who cares only for the accuracy of his record, and who is content to relegate to a footnote, what a little vanity would have put under a headline. For example, where Hearne says,

> "On the thirtieth of June we arrived at a small river called Cathawhachaga, which empties itself into a large lake called Yath-kyedwhoie, or White Snow Lake. Here we found several tents of Northern Indians, who had been some time employed spearing deer in their canoes, as they crossed the above mentioned little river," Tyrrell contents himself with this note:—
>
> "After leaving Lake Beralzoa, and before

reaching Cathawhachaga River, he had crossed Thlewiaza or Little Fish River, Magnus Lake, and several other lakes and streams which are probably tributaries of the Tha-anne or Rocky Bank River. Cathawhachaga is evidently the Kazan River which I descended in 1894, and it is interesting to note that while, in Hearne's time, it was within the hunting grounds of the Chipewyan Indians, at the time of my visit, one hundred and twenty-four years later, these Indians had left it, and its banks were inhabited entirely by Eskimos. Hearne doubtless crossed the river four miles above its discharge into Yath-kyed Lake, at a place called by the Eskimos Paleluah, where the stream is deep and narrow, and has but a moderate current. This is a well known crossing place for the caribou on their annual migrations from the forest to the Arctic Coasts and back again, and the Eskimos wait to spear them while they are swimming across the stream, just as the Indians doubtless waited when they occupied this country. Its position is in latitude 62° 36' north, 28' south of the position assigned to it by Hearne in the text, and the longitude 4° 6' west of Fort Prince of Wales. His map does not here agree with his description, but places this crossing of the Kazan River in latitude 62° 40' north, very nearly in its true position. Cathawhachaga is a Chipewyan word meaning "where fish are plentiful in the river".

This footnote is Mr. Tyrrell all over, —the geographer first, last, all the time. In Hearne's time it was Indians who slew deer at the "well known crossing". In Tyrrell's time it was the Eskimo. What a fine opening for a description of the place and of the Eskimo method of chasing the swimming animal, keeping behind him, (for a caribou can strike murderously with his forefeet as he swims) till he approaches land, and then stabbing him through the kidneys, so that he falls just as he leaves the water.

But Tyrrell is editing Hearne, not rivalling him. He connects his latitude and longitude, and draws a map which shows how far out Hearne's calculations were—the geographer, the scientist who merits the praise so fitly awarded his work in Sir Edmund Walker's preface.

Sir Edmund says a new edition of Hearne's Journal has long been needed. The moment of publication is opportune, not merely because it is a classic of North American ethnology, but because Hearne became the Governor at Churchill, which may soon be a railway terminus. Hearne was on the ground long before any attempt was made to Christianize the Indians. He chiselled his name in the smooth rock at Sloop's Cove, by Churchill Harbor on July 1st, 1767—exactly a century before the Canadian Confederation. Mr. Tyrrell photographed the inscription, which is as clear cut as the day on which it was made. Ten years after his journey, and while he was in charge of Prince of Wales Fort, Hearne surrendered it to La Perouse, who was the last of the French to assert Gallic dominion on what is now Canadian soil.

No more curious memorial of the lengths to which military science carried our ancestors is furnished in the wide world than the fortress which Hearne, whom masterful Indians could always keep in check, was supposed to hold against France, and which he evacuated without firing a shot. As Sir Edmund Walker dryly says, he was mightier with the pen than with the sword.

The idea of protecting the lonely trappers of mink and martin, in the illimitable hinterland of Hudson Bay, from the French by a fort which could only be reached from the sea during a third of the year, seems grotesque enough now. That it was grotesque enough then is clear from the fact that Hearne marched out of it, as if it had been a tar-paper shack. The walls are there now, the cannon are there. Here is Mr. Tyrrell's description of it:—

Fort Prince of Wales, from which place Hearne started on his expedition, was built by the Hudson's Bay Company in the years 1733 to 1771. It is said to have been designed by English military engineers, and, according to Joseph Robson, was built under the direction of the resident Governor, though Robson himself had much to do with its construction.

The fort, which is one of the most interesting military ruins on the continent, stands on Eskimo Point, just west of the mouth of Churchill River, and though some parts of the walls have fallen, it was, when I visited it, in much the same condition as when built, except that the houses within it had been gutted by fire. It is 310 feet long on the north and south sides, and 317 feet long on the east and west sides, measured from corner to corner of the bastions. The walls are from thirty-seven to forty-two feet thick, and sixteen feet nine inches high to the top of the parapet, which is five feet high and six feet three inches wide. On the outside the wall was faced with dressed stone, except towards the river, while on the inside undressed stone was used. The interior of the wall is a

rubble of boulders, held together by a poor mortar. In parapet are forty embrasures, and forty guns, from six to twenty-four pounders, are lying on the wall near them, now partly hidden by low willows, currant and gooseberry bushes. The three storehouses and the magazine, which once occupied the centres of the bastions, have disappeared. Within the square enclosure, are the stone walls of a house 103 feet long, 33 feet wide and seventeen feet high, which is said to have had a flat roof covered with lead.

I have discussed some of the more modern aspects of this republication of Hearne's story, because I wanted to show that in digging up the past in Canada you surely came across many little-known assets of the present. The Champlain Society is discovering Mr. J. B. Tyrrell to a great many people who have not read his brother's account of the first journey across the Hearne country, in which Mr. J. W. Tyrrell was naturalist and interpreter. Mr. J. B. Tyrrell is our only authority on David Thompson, of whom he told the British Association at its Winnipeg meeting in 1909 that he was the greatest land geographer in British History —and made good the assertion. He has a unique store of knowledge about Hudson's Bay posts on the Saskatchewan River, which could be worked into a volume of great public value, if only "the Company" would recognize that it owes complete disclosure of the archives that are hidden in London to the modern British Canadian world.

As a journey, Hearne's venture had many singularities. He started on November 6th, 1769, with two white companions, and several Indians of whom Chawchinahaw was chief. The Indians made fools of the whites, and starved them so that they returned to Churchill after twenty-four days' march. Hearne set out again on February 23rd, 1770, without European company, but as before, with Indian men. On August 11th, not far from Chesterfield Inlet, he left his quadrant standing in the wind, while he lunched. It was blown over and broken, and he returned once more to Churchill, which was reached on November 25th,—after a wasted year.

Hearne made his third start on December 7th, 1770. This time the trip was successful, because Hearne was not really in command of the expedition. His second journey had been only less disagreeable than his first because his Indians flouted him. For the third he was led by Matonabbee, an Indian leader who knew how to lead, and of whom Governor Norton wrote with a touch of irony in his letter of instructions:—"Your present guide has promised to take great care of you, and conduct you out and home with all convenient speed."

Matonabbee's gift of leadership meant everything to Hearne, who would surely never have reached Arctic waters on his own account. Governor Norton had thought that the chances of success lay largely in the smallness of his party. Matonabbee knew better. He was not afraid of starvation; and he knew the inestimable value of womenkind. In his own way he told Hearne he was a fool to imagine that a mere bachelor's party could make the round trip to the Coppermine. His philosophy of the usefulness of women is reported by Hearne:—

> He attributed all our misfortunes to the misconduct of my guides, and the very plan we pursued, by the desire of the Governor, in not taking any women with us on this journey, was, he said, the principal thing that occasioned all our wants: "for" said he, "when all the men are heavy laden, they can neither hunt nor travel to any considerable distance; and in case they meet with success in hunting, who is to carry the produce of their labour? Women," added he, "were made for labour; one of them can carry or haul, as much as two men can do. They also pitch our tents, make and mend our clothing, keep us warm at night; and, in fact, there is no such thing as travelling any considerable distance, or for any length of time, in this country, without their assistance. Women", said he, again, "though they do everything, are maintained at a trifling expense; for as they always stand cook, the very licking of their fingers in scarce times, is sufficient for their subsistence."

The journey occupied eighteen months and twenty-three days, and the final return to Churchill was accomplished two years seven months and twenty-four days after the start with the villainous Chawchinahaw. No enormous deposits of mineral were found on the Coppermine River, and Hearne was not competent to judge the formations there. As Mr. Tyrrell says, his book is chiefly valuable for its

accounts of Indian life in that far north which has disappeared, and which he describes with a vivid realism.

Hearne's book, like others dealing with the Barren Lands, suggests an interesting, though fruitless speculation, as to whether the Britishers who have been lost at different times in the North could not have saved their lives if they had lived like Eskimos in times of stress. Caribou were and are available, summer and winter, right up to the Arctic Ocean. Where Eskimos can live, Europeans need not perish. Three years ago I parted from Mr. Stefannson and his comrade, Dr. Anderson, who were off to the Arctic to study the Eskimos. Stefannson had previously spent a winter with them, and put on flesh during that time. As to what may be done by those who know, in high latitudes, is shown by this story told by Hearne of the return to Churchill by way of Great Slave Lake:—

On the eleventh of January, as some of my companions were hunting, they saw the track of a strange snow-shoe, which they followed; and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found that she understood their language, they brought her with them to the tents. On examination, she proved to be one of the Western Dog-ribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow Indians in the summer of one thousand seven hundred and seventy; and in the following summer, when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she had eloped from them, with an intent to return to her own country; but the distance being so great, and having, after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous, that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which we found her, to protect her from the weather during the winter, and here she had resided from the first setting in of the fall.

From her account of the moons passed since her elopement it appeared that she had been near seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time she had supported herself very well by snaring rabbits, partridge and squirrels; she had also killed two or three beaver, and some porcupines. That she did not seem to have been in want is evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered, and was in good health and condition, and I think one of the finest women, of a real Indian, that I have seen in any part of North America.

The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood were truly admirable, and are great proofs that necessity is the real mother of invention. When the few deer sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her were all expended in making snares and sewing her clothing, she had nothing to supply their place but the sinews of the rabbits' legs and feet; these she twisted together for that purpose with great dexterity and success. The rabbits, etc., which she caught in those snares, not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing for the winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing any thing that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much farther, as all her clothing, besides being calculated for real service, showed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed, as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasing, though rather romantic appearance.

Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines, like net-twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her; with this she intended to make a fishing-net as soon as the spring advanced. It is of the inner bark of willows, twisted in this manner, that the Dog-ribbed Indians make their fishing nets; and they are much preferable to those made by the Northern Indians.

Five or six inches of an iron hoop, made into a knife, and the shank of an arrow-head of iron, which served her as an awl, were all the metals this poor woman had with her when she eloped; and with these implements she had made herself complete snow-shoes, and several other useful articles.

Her method of making a fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose than two hard sulphurous stones. These by long friction and hard knocking produced a few sparks, which at length communicated to some touchwood; but as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the winter. Hence we may conclude that she had no idea of producing fire by friction in the manner practised by the Esquimaux, and many other uncivilized nations; because if she had, the above mentioned precaution would have been unnecessary.

The singularity of the circumstance, the comeliness of her person, and her approved accomplishments, occasioned a strong contest between several of the Indians of my party, who should have her for a wife; and the poor girl was actually won and lost at wrestling by near half a score different men the same evening.

All of Hearne's stories about the women of the North are not like this idyll of the snows. He tells, for instance, that when the braves went forth to war, the custom of women demanded that each should bring back a

woman of the enemy so that the pleasure of a killing might be enjoyed by the stay-at-home dames when the conquerors returned. This sort of story might shock those who would fain believe that all the bad practices among the aborigines of North America were introduced along with the white man's firewater. Drink has, of course, been a curse in the remote wilds almost from the earliest days of our invasion thereof, and it is interesting to read how the dangers and pleasures of civilization were unexpectedly encountered by Hearne when he was hundreds of miles from any civilized place. Says Hearne:

> Somewhere south of Great Slave Lake, on the twenty-fourth, a strange Northern Indian leader, called Thelwsa-nell-ie, and several of his followers, joined us from the eastward. This leader presented Matonabbee and myself with a foot of tobacco each, and a two-quart keg of brandy, which he intended as a present for the Southern Indians; but being informed by my companion that there was not the least probability of meeting any, he did not think it worth any farther carriage. The tobacco was indeed very acceptable, as our stock of that article had been expended some time. Having been so long without tasting spirituous liquors, I would not partake of the brandy, but left it entirely to the Indians, to whom, as they were numerous, it was scarcely a taste for each. Few of the Northern Indians are fond of spirits, especially those who keep at a distance from the Fort; some who are near, and who usually shoot geese for us in the spring, will drink it at free cost as fast as the Southern Indians, but few of them are ever so imprudent as to buy it.

The Indian post has always been an interesting feature of life in the vacant spaces of America, and Hearne gives an instance of receiving an answer to a letter. The date is March 14th, 1772.

> As we were continuing our course to the east south east, on the fourteenth we discovered the tracks of more strangers, and the next day came up with them. Among those Indians was the man who had carried a letter for me in March one thousand seven hundred and seventy one, to the Chief at Prince of Wales's Fort, and to which he had brought an answer, dated the twenty-first of June. When this Indian received the letter from me, it was very uncertain what route we should take in our return from the Copper River, and, in all probability, he himself had not then determined on what spot he would pass the present winter; consequently our meeting each other was merely accidental.

And so one might go on dipping almost at haphazard into the journal and picking out paragraphs so illuminating as to remain forever in your memory. Except Fort Churchill, which may speedily become a railway and shipping terminus supplied with the most modern plant, there is little likelihood that any of the country traversed by Hearne will become a resort of more than a handful of modern civilized people. Two or three years since, a famous American writer came to me for data on which to found an article with the title "To the Pole by Rail." He was to sketch a loop-line that would go north from Edmonton to Athabasca Lake to the spot where, just over a hundred years after Hearne's journey, the wheat was grown which took the first diploma at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, thence to the copper deposits which Hearne searched for, and then to swing south-easterly to Churchill, so as to bring into access the vast herds of caribou which still roam over what are rather erroneously called the Barren lands—herds like that Mr. Tyrrell photographed in 1894, and which furnished one of the splendid halftone illustrations of the work which Mr. Tyrrell has edited with so much efficiency and restraint.

The Hearne book makes you long for more. The wealth of literary lore about the country which has made modern Canada—I mean the region between the Lake of the Woods and the Pacific Ocean—is very much more abundant than one would suppose. Some of it has been handled in the spirit of the antiquary rather than with the facility of the interpreter of vanished years and things for those who are growing wheat and sawing timber and picking fruit in places where fur traders followed their perilous calling, where the Indians alternated between the practices of barbarism and slow and painful approaches towards civilization—places which are permeated with the romance of colonization, and which, almost since yesterday, have become flourishing communities, apparently as far removed from their old associations as the East is from the West.

How close to and how far from the former days we are you may judge from some facts that have come my way as I have followed up two or three questions that have occurred to me during the reading of this edition of Hearne.

While Hearne was Governor of Churchill, there was sent to him David Thompson, a fourteen-year-old Londoner who had been in a Westminster Charity School—the Grey Coat Hospital. The boy clerk had so little to do during the winter that, fearing he would forget how to write, he asked the Governor for more pen work. Hearne gave him part of this identical journal to copy. Hearne had journeyed southwestward from Churchill to the Saskatchewan River whereon he had founded Cumberland House, which is to-day the largest inland depot of the Hudson's Bay Company entirely devoted to fur. At Cumberland House young Thompson, during a subsequent winter, learned from one Turner how to find his whereabouts by the stars, an accomplishment which he magnificently turned to account by the multitude of calculations that are spread through forty manuscript volumes of his journal which are in the Parliament Buildings at Toronto, and were transmuted into his great map of North America, some parts of which are to this day incorporated in the finest maps of this country.

David Thompson ranged for many years from Hudson Bay to the mouth of the Columbia and from Montreal to the head waters of the Saskatchewan. No adequate account of his great labors has ever been published, but his autobiography, which was bought many years ago by Mr. Tyrrell, is in the press as one of the forthcoming publications of the Champlain Society.

Two years ago Mr. Tyrrell was once more on the Saskatchewan River looking for evidence of the existence and disappearance of sundry posts along that noble stream. His enquiries were rewarded by a letter from one Turner of Coxby, which told him among other things, of the existence of a fort on the South Saskatchewan hard by where the Riel Rebellion of 1885 did its worst work, the occupants of which, with one exception, were massacred by Blackfeet Indians about 1795. Mr. Turner said that he himself fifty-eight years before talked with this survivor who owed his life to the fact that he was hunting horses at the time of the butchery.

So when you go back to Hearne you touch Thompson and a race of men who have left their mark upon a sub-continent, but whose trials for civilization, whose labors for science have been almost entirely without recognition, but who will yet be given high place among the pioneers of British-Canadian civilization.

TO many, the story of Tantalus is but a myth to be learned at school, then promptly forgotten —along with a large number of other things which we deem a necessary part of our education. To a few—a wretched few — however, that story is so real, that it links itself indissolubly to them through life, weaving its cravings into every glance of the eye, every sigh which escapes them, every breath that they draw.

Tilly Crocroft was one of the few. All her life she seemed just to have escaped attaining her heart's desire. Trivialities in childhood had been temptingly before her, but when she stretched forth her baby arms, lo, the sugar plums vanished, only to reappear a little beyond her reach. The pleasures of girlhood receded as she advanced, the necessities of womanhood were just too far away to grasp: and yet it seemed each time, as though Fate had meant to be kind.

At twenty-six, then, Tilly was an untamed and unsatisfied creature, good to look upon—persistent and determined, watching each wave open-mouthed, so to speak, and quite decided that somehow she would yet wrest from Destiny that happiness which she felt to be rightly hers.

As she walked slowly down the principal shopping street of her native town, Browning's words occurred to her, and she laughed with something like bitterness.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for?" she said aloud. "Dear me, my arms ache from 'reaching' but even the grasp eludes me! Just once, O Fate, just once, to be able to nurse, to feed, then to satisfy a desire—I wonder how it would feel! To have one little wish granted—I can't imagine it!"

Her soliloquy was interrupted by a new train of thought: she caught sight of a young man just ahead of her. Although walking in the same direction, so that Tilly only saw his back, she recognized him at once and made a little *moue* of disgust.

"One wish is partly answered," she thought, "for I do not have to share much atmosphere with either Aunt Elvira or Robert."

She slackened her pace to avoid passing the young man, preferring not to see him: but even in this small thing she was thwarted, for Robert Boynton wheeled suddenly, as though he had forgotten something, and barely escaped colliding with Miss Crocroft.

He was a handsome young man, of thirty-three or four, with a quizzical smile, and tiny wrinkles about his large gray eyes, proving that the smile was in almost constant use. He bore himself with an air of confidence and assurance which keenly irritated the girl to whom he was now bowing his apologies, and caused her to treat him with a contempt and dislike she did not take the slightest pains to conceal.

"Ten thousand pardons!" cried Boynton with a fine shade of irony in his voice. "Who would have expected to see the charming Miss Crocroft abroad so early? A rare treat for the energetic inhabitants indeed! It is reported upon excellent authority (if one can trust the accounts of these

scintillating celebrities, given us by the papers) that from nine to ten she has her masseuse, from ten to half past, her manicurist, from ten thirty until eleven, she takes the Swedish movement and fencing lessons, then receives in her boudoir until the luncheon hour. Trades-people wait upon her pleasure, fawning sycophants crowd round the door, begging a favor, a word, a faded flower——"

Boynton had turned again and walked with Tilly, whose annoyance was so obvious that she looked almost plain.

"If I cared to take the trouble," she interrupted, "I might carry on your grotesque idea, and inquire why the popular, the feted, the idolized Mr. Boynton is walking—yes, *walking*—abroad at this hour?" She looked him over slowly and carefully, making a mental note of his well-worn, ready-made clothes, and a wicked little smile crept into her eyes, as she continued. "Attired in clothes of the very latest London cut, straw colored gloves, and lavender tie he was the cynosure of all admiring eyes—etc., etc. What! I can scarce credit my senses, when I see papers, unmistakably insurance papers, protruding from your pocket. Have you just taken out a five hundred thousand dollar policy?"

"Clever, but nasty as ever," was the man's audible comment in the direction of a telegraph pole they passed, "So like her dear auntie!"

Tilly winced.

"Then why suffer my presence longer? I am sure you are going out of your way, and I have no intention of running into one of these shops to be rid of you, for I am due at the office—let me see, yes, exactly at nine—I should be there now. So *good* morning, Robert!"

"Well, thank you, for your cordial invitation," Boynton called, over his shoulder, "Yes, I'll be sure to come early—since you *insist*!"

They went their divers ways, crossly. When Tilly reached the office of the struggling yellow sheet which called itself a newspaper, her associates chaffed her about getting out of bed on the wrong side. She turned in her copy slowly, and with effort—the day was spoiled, because Robert Boynton had crossed her path, and she loathed him.

To Robert was added the grievance that he had almost tried to be nice and had been repulsed. What a little vixen she was, with all her airs and graces!

He was trying to write up a couple of policies which had been promised him (even a small commission helps) but either the men were out of sorts, or he was, and he made no further progress than on the day before. So altogether, *he* spent a very fretful day.

They were connections, though not relations. Their common relative, Miss Elvira Higginbotham, was also their one bond of sympathy—they both roundly detested his spinster step-aunt. And, to all appearances the sentiment was returned by her. It began with religious differences between their parents,—who had since been mercifully removed from this vale of tears—and Elvira, but Miss Higginbotham had religiously preserved the feud even unto the present generation. Just why Tilly and Robert held each other in such violent detestation it is hardly necessary or interesting to explain. Suffice it, that Aunt Elvira was at the bottom of it, and she fed the flame of hatred in each breast, with the ardour of a philanthropist nursing a community of starving tenementers. Whenever she had an opportunity, she threw them together, then in a most capable manner, goaded them into fine exhibitions of temper and malice toward one another, which resulted in a hearty loathing of both Aunt Elvira and themselves. It began when they were too young to understand it all, and now there seemed to be no help. They had long since ceased being tricked into meeting at her home, a scheme it had taken them many weary months to perceive, but she often managed to bring them together elsewhere, and by so doing passed a most enjoyable afternoon or evening. And, wily serpent that she was, she dropped sufficient hints regarding the disposition of her fortune, to cause hope to blossom

in their hearts—they were, after all, her only natural heirs—so that they rather hesitated to disregard openly, her whims and fancies. Consciously or otherwise they looked forward to a time when some reward would be their portion for these years of humiliation and insult, and at least they tried to hide their natural dislike for her. There were times when each said, "I'll dance attendance upon her no more—let her take her money and fly to perdition!"

However, these two young people were but human, and money is a splendid labor-saving device, so it seemed wise to practice discretion. And this laudable attitude in no way hoodwinked the estimable Miss Higginbotham. She realized with fateful certainty the chain of reasoning likely to occur to them, and resolved to derive as much pleasure as possible from this fruitful source. For her forms of amusement resembled those of Nero, in that they must always be at the expense or discomfort of someone else.

Tilly Crocroft was surprised one morning a few days later, to find an official communication bearing the stamp "Mackay & Todd, Attorneys", upon her desk. The letter requested with legal brevity her presence at said office of Mackay & Todd, at the noon hour of that same day—on a matter of importance immediately concerning herself.

For a mad moment she had visions of legacies from lost or forgotten relatives who had made millions unknown to any one, in undiscovered gold fields; then, as is often the way with the most innocent conscience, Tilly's trembled and asked itself the question, "What have I done?" So alternately building air castles and framing defense for imaginary crimes, she worried through the forenoon.

Twelve o'clock found Miss Crocroft sitting stiffly upon Mr. Mackay's stiffest chair, impatiently waiting to hear the nature of the matter in hand, while the gentleman who had summoned her methodically sorted and stacked the loose papers strewn upon his desk.

"Well, what is it?" demanded Tilly, unable to bear the suspense longer. "What are you waiting for?"

As if in answer to her question, the door opened, and Boynton walked briskly into the room. He stopped short on seeing her and was about to withdraw, but noting the look of surprise—astonishment—on the girl's face, he reconsidered his action and came slowly forward.

"Good morning!" He shook hands with the lawyer. "You sent for me, I believe, Mr. Mackay. Tilly, how are you? Is this another of Aunt Elvira's little pleasantries?"

"I don't know," answered the girl sullenly. "Of course I never dreamed that *you* would be here."

Boynton shrugged his shoulders. The lawyer's office was the last place he had expected to see Tilly. Evidently his aunt's ingenuity in planning meeting places had been taxed to the utmost, if she had to bring old Mackay into her schemes!

"Trapped again, that's all," he said. "Where is the little ray of sunshine?" He lowered his voice so that only Tilly caught the words. "Is she not lurking somewhere near to watch the fun?"

Tilly started and anger's dull red glowed in her cheeks. "I never thought of that," she replied. "Of course she must be hiding here. Mr. Mackay, where is Miss Higginbotham?"

The gentleman thus peremptorily addressed, removed his skull cap, and adjusted his spectacles with irritating slowness, before answering.

"My dear young lady," he said, with just a shade of reproach in his thin high voice, "I don't keep tab upon the movements of even such an important client as the estimable Miss Higginbotham. For all I know, she may be—"

"Then she is *not* here?" was Tilly's suspicious inquiry.

Mr. Mackay's surprise changed to visible annoyance.

"Here?" he repeated. "Here? By such a question I gather that you consider her capable of magic, becoming invisible at will, and all that sort of thing. Otherwise—" he looked around the small square office and spread out his hands.

"Well," interrupted Robert, "what does she want with us? Of course you realize, now, that this is but another of her screaming little jokes?" He turned to Tilly, and she nodded.

Mr. Mackay rose—he ha pacquired the habit of standing when speaking—and, arranging a few notes, addressed the young people before him.

"Your worthy relative, the esteemed Miss Higginbotham," droned the barrister, "wishes to allow you the privilege of enjoying her large fortune, in the near future. Not that she contemplates a sudden call to the world beyond—" Mr. Mackay raised his eyes, impressively to the dingy, cobwebbed ceiling, while the other two, cast theirs suggestively downwards, "but she feels that the abundant affection she bears you—and you bear each other—" "Viper!" whispered Tilly —"warrants this sacrifice, on her part. Briefly, then," concluded Mr. Mackay, as though he had made the foregoing amply clear, "briefly then, she desires to turn her fortune over to you during the remainder of her life, reserving merely a sufficient amount to supply her modest needs."

He paused, gratified by the look of astonishment and incredulity upon the faces of his hearers. A joyous light glowed in Tilly's brown eyes, and she turned impulsively to Robert, forgetting he *was* Robert.

"Is it a dream?" she asked.

He however, recovered himself almost instantly. Perhaps he knew his aunt better. Turning to the lawyer, he sternly demanded,

"And the conditions, Mr. Mackay?"

"Ah, the conditions," repeated Mr. Mackay, suavely. "Yes, there *are* conditions, but ones of so happy a nature that it should be easy—nay, a pleasure, to comply—" bowing stiffly to each in turn. "They are that Mr. Robert Boynton," he consulted his notes, "and Miss Tilly Crocroft shall immediately enter into the holy state of matrimony and live, to all appearances (Miss Higginbotham's very words, I assure you, my dear young people) *happily*, for the period of one year. If, at the end of that time, the

TILLY TURNED IN HER COPY SLOWLY AND WITH EFFORT - THE DAY WAS SPOILED

parties aforementioned desire, by mutual consent, to separate—thus forfeiting the fortune at their disposal—they are at liberty to do so. *Only* in the event of such a step, they must understand that they *forever* forfeit any claim to further patronage or legacy from their beloved relative, even at the time of her lamented demise."

The wily smile which followed this announcement made Tilly faint, and again she turned to Robert.

"Is it not horrible?" she whispered, weakly.

"Horrible!"

Somewhere near, Fate laughed.

Boynton's rage would well have repaid his spinster relative, had she been there to see. He said little, but every fibre of his being revolted at this crowning piece of maliciousness. Had he been alone with the lawyer, his language would have partly conveyed the state of his feelings to that gentleman. As matters stood, he restrained himself with difficulty.

"And if we refuse?"

"Oh, you are not to refuse, at once," hastily replied the lawyer. "In fact, you *may* not refuse or give your answer, one way or another—for three days.

During that time you may not confer with one another (unless it be in my presence, or Miss Higginbotham's) and you are to give your answer, *here*, just previous, let us hope, to the consummation of the happy event."

Tilly closed her eyes and shuddered.

They found their way to the street, in silence.

"Of course, we will say no?" she rather asked than asserted.

"The privilege is yours to refuse. *I* can hardly do so, in decency. Neither will I press my suit."

Tilly laughed hysterically.

"I have pressed mine often enough, heaven knows. *You* needn't be so far above doing it."

"Then we will say yes?" asked Robert.

The girl's eyes rested on him a moment. She longed to read what thoughts passed through his mind—whether *he* deemed it hopeless to live with her, with a fair semblance of happiness, *and* all Aunt Elvira's money. Of course for herself she should say *No*. What could be worse than seeing him every day! But the money would bring compensations—

Boynton interrupted.

"I would suggest that we have lunch together, and discuss this nicely devised little compact, but the sad truth is, Tilly, that I haven't the price, and anyway we should have to bring old Mackay. Imagine it, not the price of a lunch!" A tinge of bitterness crept into his voice, then he added quickly. "Try to bear this separation bravely—it hurts me more than it does you—dear."

The exaggerated emphasis on the word 'dear' made anger blaze in Tilly's eyes. She had felt almost sorry for him a moment before, but he always spoiled things, sooner or later—how she hated him!

"Let us, by all means, say—" she commenced, then faltered. A handsome carriage drove to the curb, and an obsequious lackey jumped swiftly to the ground, opening the door for an elegantly gowned woman to alight. Quickly, another vision rose in Tilly's mind—the picture of herself living in such luxury, with carriages and servants at her command—Tilly Crocroft, whom Fate had always elected to knock, to bruise and to twist.

Robert bent forward just a little—perhaps he, too, saw a vision. He repeated her words.

"Let us, by all means, say—"

"Think it over," she finished, lamely enough, turning away.

At the limit of the given time, Tilly had firmly made up her mind. She wanted the money, she longed for a home, a place where she could ask her friends to come, a little space wherein to reign—just once. She longed for clothes such as in her idle moments, she had planned and dreamed of, she thought of the theatre and its allurements—and Robert? Well, one must pay a price for every luxury.

Attired in her one and only suit, readymade, with a home-trimmed hat on her head, Tilly smiled as she climbed the stairs to Mr. Mackay's office, upon her "wedding day".

Suddenly her knees trembled and she caught her breath sharply. What certainty had she that Robert would consent — suppose he should say No! The thought sickened her; she had weighed it all so carefully, making up her mind that the game was worth the candle, she felt she could not, now, have those dreams unrealized; she could not bear the disappointment the humiliation of having Robert refuse the money—and her.

Although conscious of Aunt Elvira's presence the instant she opened the office door, Tilly's eyes at once sought Robert, trying to discover even the barest hint of his decision. But in vain. He greeted her with his accustomed elaborate politeness, and reminded her a little sarcastically of the presence of their 'benefactress', as he termed her.

Aunt Elvira came swiftly to the point.

"Well"? she questioned tersely, looking from one to the other in her irritating, nervous way.

"Well?" she asked, again, "Speak up! Are you tongue-tied, or paralyzed? Robert, *you* may answer for yourself—Yes or no?"

"You place me in a most embarrassing position, dear aunt", answered the young man, inscrutably, while Tilly watched him, closely. "Surely in a procedure of this unique nature, the lady in the case may claim the privilege of having the first—as well as the last—word." Without waiting for his aunt to speak he turned to the girl, who had not even seated herself, and asked with a nice shade of deference, which she was quick to note and appreciate.

"What is your answer, Tilly?"

For another agonizing moment Tilly Crocroft looked deep into Robert's eyes, and, again, she failed to read what she sought there.

"It is 'yes', she faltered, in a whisper. "If you can stand it, I can."

To be continued

THE PATH O' DREAMS

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

O, SOME may take the high road that leads them up and down
Through ranks of haggling traders and through the noisy town,
With dust to choke their nostrils and stones to bruise their feet;
And none but stranger-faces their yearning eyes to greet,
But let us go a-tramping beside the singing streams
And smell the olden roses along the path o' dreams.

O, some may choose the high road that roars of whip and wheel,
And trudge the endless pathway that bruises heart and heel,
But let us loiter slowly along the drowsy miles
Where crabbed care is absent; there are no worry-whiles
Aye, let us go a-tramping beside the singing streams
And smell the olden roses along the path o' dreams.

At Black Man's Pass

By Floy Campbell

OFTEN, when the chase had led him far from the Keep, the Count had spent the night under the hedge, wrapped in his scarlet cloak; so, when we all gathered in the court at sundown, and Alain the page told us how he and his master had swerved from the hunt, following a new quarry that the Count's falcon spied, and how, his palfrey stumbling and straining her leg, he had been forced to turn back, we had no care, though the Count was not returned. We feasted merrily and slept sound. The next day, as the sun drew toward the west with all his clouds, and our sun came not to us again, we grew uneasy; and the feast that night was but a silent one and sad. When morning was gray we were up one and all, though we had made no rendezvous; and with Alain at our head, we set forth into the forest.

The Count was not always a good master, perhaps; proud as the devil, revengeful, and hot as the devil in his temper; but to those who were not froward, kind, too, and generous; and he was the last of the name, and his death might mean the setting adrift of all his house. So we grieved for the most part truly, and sought him in sadness and sincerity. We were no longer at ease about him. All remembered how once before, some years back, he had been found in the forest, pinned to a tree by an arrow through the shoulder that had near been his death; and we knew that he had bitter enemies still, as a man of his ruthless temper must ever have.

Where he and Alain had parted we began our search. The trail from the horse, two days' old now, was lost in the passing and repassing of many beasts, so we hunted blindly, spreading in a half-circle from the spot, and beating the bushes as for a deer. Two days we spent fruitlessly, gathering each night about the board of the Keep, heavy with our quest, and hopeless. It was his dead body we sought now.

The third day we came upon a high pass over the hills, called Black Man's Pass. Beyond it was a quaking bog, pathless and treacherous. To the left the cliff rose, steep and impassable. To the right the dark rock sank away in a jagged chasm, through which raged a torrent compounded of all the little streams that trickled from the hills and seeped through the bog. This chasm, inaccessible from the bog at its upper end, was blocked on the forest side by a mighty whirlpool, and no man had ever entered it, and lived.

It was the ravens circling above the gulch that bade us look. The low sun

was yet reddening the hills, but in the chasm it was already deep twilight, and, straining our eyes through the darkness, we could barely see, far below, the mangled body of a horse, half devoured, and, to one side, a gleam of scarlet that we knew must be the Count's cloak. None dared descend in that dim light. Some stayed there the night, and others went again to the Keep for ropes.

Near noon of the next day, when light was come again in the chasm, Alain tied the rope about him, and we lowered him; but half way down the jagged rocks cut our heavy cable as a knife cuts whipcord, and the boy barely saved himself from sharing the fate of the horse and man below. Every smith in the village and in the Keep was put to it at once, welding together chains of iron that no rock could cut, while we searched for another way of entering the chasm, shouting to Alain on his narrow shelf of rock, to keep up his courage through the long night.

Noon of the fifth day it was, and the chain was ready at last. It did its work, but it was too late. The scarlet cloak hid no mangled body, nor could we find the bones of the Count among the bushes near. His body must have fallen in the brawling torrent, and been whirled into fragments at the Pool of the Forest; or else wild beasts had dragged it from the spot. There was no trace of it, save the scarlet cloak.

It was with great labor that we brought Alain safely to the pass again. There was nothing farther to do, we thought, but gather together the chains and cables, and make our way back to the Keep, and summon the new Lord whose coming would put an end to our old lives forever. Silently we set about our preparations.

Why was it that we turned? We heard no sound, I swear; but uneasiness had grown in us from the night before, until now it was a torture, and made us start at a breath. We turned, at least, as one man, to see that strange figure standing behind us, as if just risen from the marsh below. The blue eyes, like flames of blue, we saw first; great eyes, and burning pale, in a bronzed and bloodless face. Who he was no one could at first say, for the eyes looked out from a tangled mask of hair and beard burned red by the sun and rain. The body was powerful; not tall, but of great muscles. The feet were bare, and the great toes were separate from the others, and thumb-like, able to grasp, as are the feet of an ape. Most horrible, though, were the two arms, cut off midway between the elbow and the wrist.

For a moment we stared in silence, doubting him some goblin of the woods; then from John came the cry, "'Tis Elawm—he who shot the Count with the arrow, whose arms were cut off for the deed. Cross-bows, men! Up, and kill!"

The two maimed arms were raised, and we could not shoot, though John shouted again, "The Count's murderer, men!" and wept—yes, wept—John! and snatched at my cross-bow, cursing that his own had been left behind.

The creature spoke. "Could I push man and horse over the cliff?" he sneered, and laughed, and shook his maimed arms. And we muttered, and shifted our weapons. Then John spoke again.

"Aye, by your hellish arts could you," he said, his eyes on the eyes of blue flame. "You willed it, and it has come as you willed. Tell us, then.

"Aye, tell, tell; and by God His grace if you have done aught, you shall answer it," I cried, and lifted my bow and aimed it.

The creature laughed—a strange laugh. Then he spoke, at first in a low monotone, as one repeats a story stale with long brooding over.

"I am Elawm. Five years ago I was like you, a man among men, beloved, envied, alive, with life sweet at my lips; and now—" he shook his maimed arms above his head—"now ye see me, and ye know how I came to be the thing I am—who made of me this beast, and why. Ye know not all; but ye shall know.

"For after my skinned arms had been hewn off for human slaughter, and I had hanged myself, then I knew I must kill Robert of Gorioch. Nay, if ye would have my story, put down the cross-bows—so.

"I had meant that he should die slowly that first time, but they found him too soon, and they brought him back from the gates of the grave to tell them my name—and then they flayed my arms for the deed, and cut them off before the staring crowd; but they bound up the stumps; and when I would have died, they cut the rope and forced me to live out my maimed life. Then it came to me that I must do their will and live—yea, must do their will and live, that I might do God's will, and rid the world of Robert of Gorioch.

"They had betrothed her to him, but it was me she loved; for he had made me the messenger to her, and she had seen me with a maid's seeking eye, and believed me at first to be the Count himself; so she loved me. And when she was brought to his house, and he found that he would have in her but a forced and unwilling bride, he was too proud to own that he was unloved, and yet too proud to take by force the flesh that shrank from his touch; and so for revenge he proclaimed that she had done the deed of shame with me, his henchman; and he drove us both out from his gates.

"Her father shut the door against her, telling her to go to her lover's arms; and he sickened and was dying of the black misery that preyed upon his heart because of her. Then she came to me in agony, and begged me to right her. She was as pure as snow—pure as the silver clouds of Heaven—but who would take my word against the Count's? And he had told his story with foul circumstance and foul laughter, slavering her whole fair life with the poison of his mouth.

"So I planned my first murder of the viper; but a snake is hard to kill. And they found him too soon, and he told them my name.

"And so I went armless among men, and she shrank among women, shamed and white, and he still swaggered in God's sunlight, an insult to God's self.

"What could she do, a shamed maid, but seek refuge with God? What could I do, a handless and masterless man, but snare birds and beasts in the forest? I took them with traps sometimes, and sometimes with nets. Two stumps of arms have little skill, but they suffice, if they are strong, and one is patient; and the bared foot can be taught much of the cunning of the hand. So I learned afresh a new woodcraft, and knew the secret places of the forest and of the mountains. Then I laid my plans."

He paused, but no man stirred nor spoke. We stood astare at the flames of blue that were his eyes, and listened for the voice, till it again sounded, rising from the dull monotone with which he had commenced his tale to a full resonance, like the chant of a harper who tells in hall of great battles.

"An old woman who loved me made my nets. I had her make me a great one for deer—but it was not the King's deer I hunted, but the devil's. I hollowed out a trench, and covered it with leaves and branches, that his horse might stumble there, and throw him. I caught and trained birds to lure his hawks toward me. Many times my plans failed. His men followed him, or the dogs came with him; the horse did not stumble, or he kept surely his seat. But at last all fell as I had planned it. The men followed the first raised quarry, and his hawks alone swerved to the lure of my doves. The horse stumbled, and threw him into the very midst of my hidden nets. I gathered them together, and bound his arms to his sides before his sense returned, and I laid him across the horse, and we followed on up the mountain. Here, where the narrow path looses itself across the black, wet rock with its sheer descent of hundreds of feet into the chasm below—here I unbound him, and laid him down, and led the horse to the cliff's edge. Then suddenly, sharply, I struck the beast, and he reared and started forward in pain and fright; and then, turning in mid-air, he fought on the slippery edge for a footing, and at last slid over with a shriek of human agony; and we heard deep down, deep down, the thud of his falling body on the rocks. That was a hard thing to do. I see it still in my dreams, and shudder at the look in the beast's eyes, and the sound of his scream; but I meant you to seek him

long, and, finding him, to leave your search, believing that his master had perished with him; and I knew no other way.

"When the scream of the horse had died away in fainter scream after scream from all these cliffs, I took the Count on my back again, and we followed the path that was no path, down, down, to a little glen, through the stream yonder, and across the shaking bog and the pools where no foot but mine has ever ventured, until we found the place I had chosen. No man of you could find it without me; and I shall never turn my face toward it again. It lies yonder, a single bare rock in the midst of the swamp that fills the bottom of this cup of hills. There I laid him down, and, freeing him from the net bit by bit, but ever keeping him bound hand and foot, I hewed away the leathern armor from his chest and thighs. If the axe between my skilless stumps bit sometimes into the flesh—that was a small thing. I had been flayed alive for him, and knew the taste of agony. I drew the net over him there on the black rock, and fastened it hard and close, and under the shadow of the one bush I sat to watch. By day the sun beat on his bare flesh and burned his blinded eyes, and the rock that was his bed scorched the sole of my foot when I stepped from my patch of shade. By night the white mists crept up from the marshes like ghosts of past sins, and gathered thick about him, and danced and twisted above him, so that the chill of death entered his soul; and the dews of night were his drink and his meat. By day the stinging insects danced in swarms above his bound and helpless body, and the ravens circled, watching and waiting. By night the owls shrieked through the darkness, and voices whispered and wailed through all the marsh and hillsides.

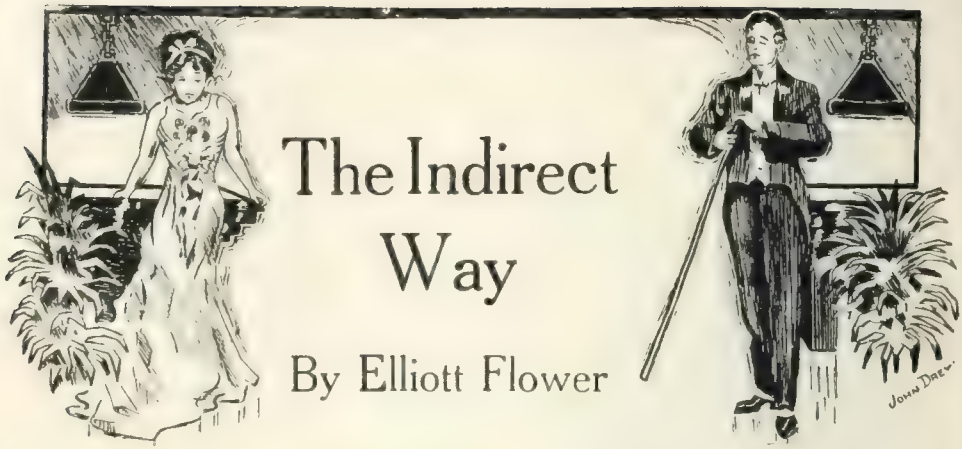
"He was proud. He would not beg for mercy. For a day he was silent, for a day and a night he said no word, though his lips were gnawed to ribbons in his fight for silence. But after the second morning came, flushing on the western hill, he grew mad, and his raw lips and parched throat shrieked horribly against the bright, deaf, shining sky, until the sound died at mid-day into hoarse moans for lack of water.

"Was it three days he lasted so? I do not know. The time was sweet to me, and doubtless seemed shorter than it really was; and he was a strong man, and could endure much. But he died at last, in the rose of the morning, cursing God and me with horrible curses; and I pray his soul may be in hell-fire now.

"I have watched until the feast of ravens is finished. There is no more now to see. You may shoot your bolts if you will, or send me after him by any road you wish. It will not be longer nor harder than the road I chose for him. Nay, I fear not that God will condemn me for doing this his bidding; but if he should, then in hell would I find my heaven, watching the eternal agony of Robert of Gorioch."

The creature stepped slowly toward us, but there was no word spoken, and no hand lifted. I dropped my crossbow at my feet, and John laid his hand on it, but the spell of the eyes was upon him, so that he could not aim it; and he dropped his head upon his arms, and sobbed, and so the thing went away into the forest, and we stood silent, like men bewitched.

Rolling of thunder and the plash of rain roused us; we looked toward the marsh, but none dared venture there for duty or for love; and so, without a word, like men ashamed, we turned heavily back to the Keep. They all stole away in the night, each man alone; and I, too, went my ways. I could not look upon the forest and the Black Man's Pass again.



The Indirect Way

By Elliott Flower

I MUST have dozed over my work. At any rate, I became suddenly conscious of the fact that a little imp of a fellow was sitting cross-legged on a pile of manuscript. He smiled at me quizzically, and I regarded him with amazement. I had not supposed there were such things as goblins, but here was one under my very nose.

"Oh, your eyes do not deceive you," he remarked at last; "I'm really here."

I was much relieved.

"Came to see about you," he explained.

"What's the matter with me?" I demanded.

"I've heard you doing a good deal of grumbling," he suggested.

"I have reason to grumble," I declared defensively.

"Have a pretty hard time, don't you?" he queried.

"Infernally hard time," I answered.

"Editors don't appreciate you, do they?"

"I should say not."

"Nor publishers?"

"Worse than the editors."

"Wife can't dress as she would like to, can she?"

"Not within a mile of it."

"House isn't what you'd like, either, is it?"

"Too small, but I can't afford a larger."

"Precisely. Can't live as your wife thinks you should, can you?"

"Never hope to."

"Children cost too much, don't they?"

"No."

This startled him. "What!" he cried.

"My wife," I explained, "says the trouble is not with expenses but with income; I don't make enough. She maintains that we should spend more than we do, but we can't because I haven't got it."

"Amounts to the same thing," he remarked. "Makes things rather awkward, doesn't it?"

"It does."

"Always difficult to base an income on expenses," he commented; "much better to base expenses on the income; but lots of people try to work the reverse action. Anyhow, we've got to accept things as they are. I've come to see what I can do for you."

"Well, what can you do?" I asked.

"I can give you one wish."

"One is enough!" I exclaimed jubilantly. "I wish——"

"Be careful," he cautioned.

"What's the matter?" I demanded. "Don't you suppose I know what I want? Do you think I can sit behind a pile of unpaid bills and be in doubt?"

"Mere wealth is barred," he informed me. "You may not wish for money. Anything else you choose to ask for is yours. But you have only one wish. Don't waste it."

"Money barred?" I queried, crestfallen.

"Why not wish for a house?"

HIS WIFE'S UNREALIZED EXPECTATIONS ARE THE CAUSE OF A TRUE BELIEF

"What good would that do me without money to run it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "You may wish for fame," he suggested.

"Fame in a garret!" I exclaimed. "Not for me. Famous men have died of starvation, and I have my family to think of. Happiness and fame are not even related."

"Health?"

I have it."

'Longevi

'It might be a curse. I can think of nothing worse than old age and poverty

"Having a wife and children," he reflected, "there is, of course, no love affair in which I could help you along."

"No beautiful princess in mine," I announced hastily. "Think of what the neighbors would say, not to mention the family dissension. But how would it do to wish for success?"

"Too indefinite. You must be more specific."

"Financial success?"

"That's money."

"How about happiness?"

"Again too indefinite. What would give you happiness?"

"I don't know," I admitted frankly. "I know of many things that would help, but not one that is sufficient in itself and not one that is not dependent, to some extent, upon money."

"Is there no happiness without money?" he demanded.

"Not in this age," I replied, after a moment of thought. "Money itself is not happiness, but is it not the basis of everything that is—I mean, that is permanent, not merely ephemeral, happiness? Figure it out yourself."

"I'm not doing the wishing," he retorted testily.

"Love in a cottage," I pursued, "depends on the cottage. It may last a good while in a nice vine-covered cottage, but it can't live in a hovel. Again, even the vine-covered cottage becomes hateful if it happens to be next to a palace. Life, with most of us, is a series of comparisons, and what money can and does buy is the basis of those comparisons. With wealth barred, what can I do with a single wish? Give me a dozen, and I might work the thing out."

"One," was the relentless reply.

"That's only an aggravation," I complained. "What's a house or a steam yacht or a trip to Europe or fame or genius or social prestige or a garage by itself? What's even a faithful, non-notice-giving cook as a sole possession? Every one of these things calls for a few auxiliary wishes to make it of any permanent benefit."

"Oh, well, if you don't want to wish," he remarked disgustedly, "there's no more to be said about it, of course."

"But I do," I insisted, and then, as an idea that seemed to me an inspiration flashed to my brain, "How about diamonds?"

"Mere wealth in your case," he declared. "As an accessory diamonds would be all right, but diamonds alone would represent nothing but the money for which you could sell them. Be frank. You don't want them for adornment, do you?"

I laughed bitterly. "For a man or the wife of a man in my position to wear diamonds," I replied, "would be both a joke and a scandal."

"Precisely," he returned. "To wish for something merely for the purpose of converting it into money is to wish for money."

"Oh, well," I said resignedly, "as I am barred from everything that assures permanent benefit, I'll have to do the best I can. I wish——"

"Wait!" It was my wife's voice, and I now discovered that she was standing behind my chair. "I have heard it all," she explained, "and I know you'll make a botch of it. Have you forgotten our ambition to live in New York?"

"No, I haven't," I retorted, "but I am not going to use my one wish to get us into more trouble than we're in now."

"May I have that wish?" she asked of the goblin.

"Certainly," he replied. "Either of you may exercise the privilege for the family."

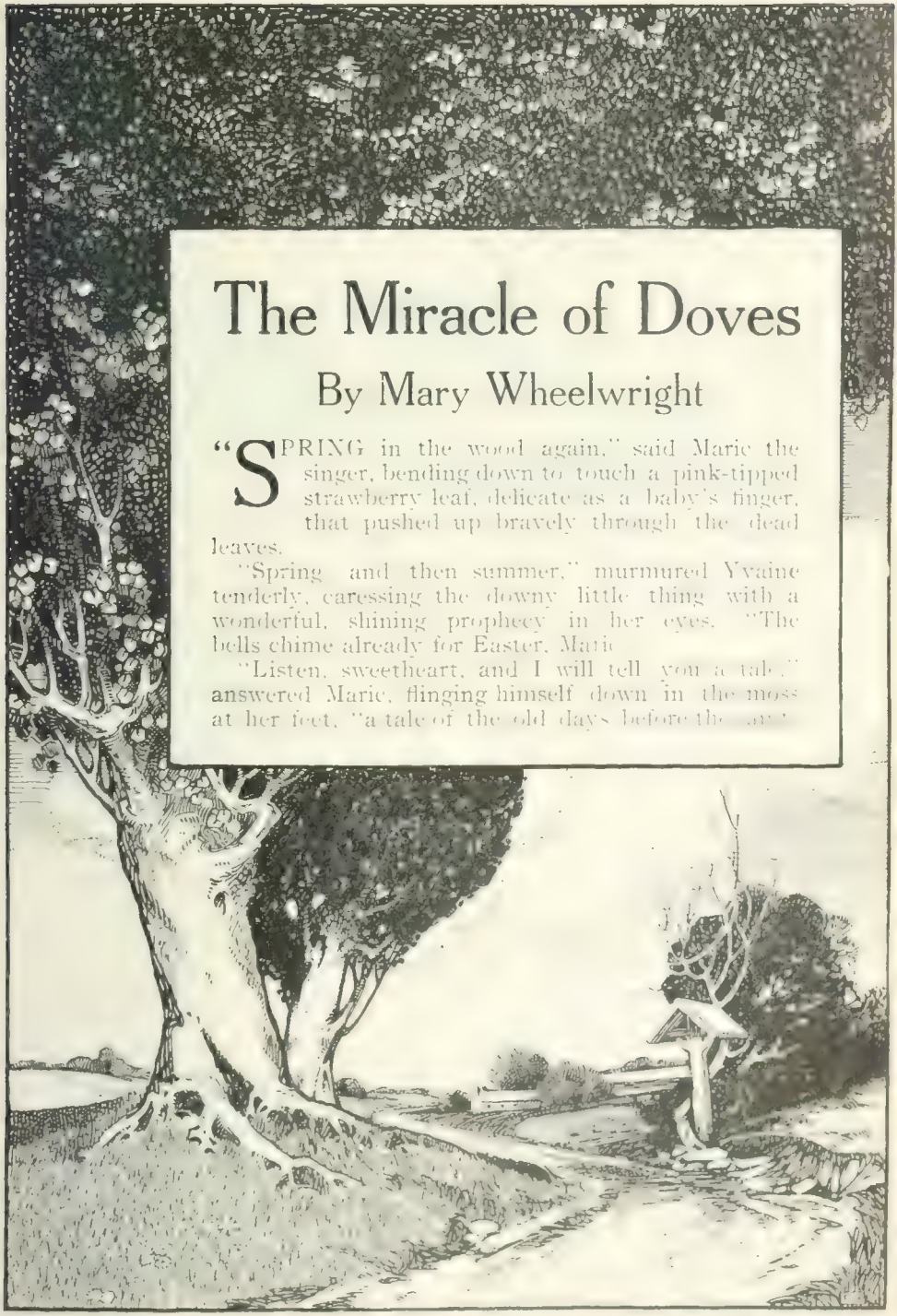
"Very well, then," she said, "it is my wish——"

"Hold on!" I expostulated. "You'll make a mess of it."

"It is my wish," she persisted calmly, "that we may live comfortably and contentedly in New York."

"Ha!" cried the goblin; "the wit of woman! The wish is within the specifications, and yet no one can live comfortably and contentedly in New York without money and lots of it. You win."

My wife was shaking me. "For heaven's sake!" she exclaimed, "come upstairs and go to bed like a respectable citizen! I have been worried to death by your insane gibberish, and it seemed as if I just couldn't wake you up."



The Miracle of Doves

By Mary Wheelwright

"SPRING in the wood again," said Marie the singer, bending down to touch a pink-tipped strawberry leaf, delicate as a baby's finger, that pushed up bravely through the dead leaves.

"Spring and then summer," murmured Yvaine tenderly, caressing the downy little thing with a wonderful, shining prophecy in her eyes. "The bells chime already for Easter, Marie."

"Listen, sweetheart, and I will tell you a tale," answered Marie, flinging himself down in the moss at her feet, "a tale of the old days before the war."

came to the land with their prayers to the White God and the cross in their fingers. . . . . Listen ! . . . Do you not hear the laughter among the birches ? "

Truly there was a faint, sweet laughter echoing afar in the shimmering woodland. Yvaine threw up her white chin and laughed softly in answer as Maric sent a clear salute ringing to the far shadows. Faintly came the answer, faint and sweet as a distant bell ringing once—but not again.

"It is the boy Spring," said Maric softly. "Spring himself, who once came boldly and lightly up through the winter-bound meadows, whistling and shouting for pure joy. Oh, truly, in the old days he footed it freely on the boulders in the open sunshine, singing scraps of minstrelsy, and airy catches that woke the grass in the brown earth and the squirrels nested in the tree-tops. Then it was that the little yellow blades sprang up before his feet, and the ferns thrust up round green heads, and the sap murmured and stirred in the tree-boles, and the dogwood trembled into pale stars, and the birds ventured north in the early mornings, and the rabbits came frisking out of their holes at his whistle. Before him the land lay hushed and silent; behind him it sang and leafed and blossomed with violets like a land new-made.

" Boldly and gaily he came up through the country-side that anyone might see, never hiding, never fleeing, laughing through the villages with the children at his heels, stopping at a tavern door to drink a cup of May wine with the farm-lads, or tease a pretty wench with promise of many lovers. All the world knew him and loved him; and he loved all the world, hailing it 'Brother.'

"But one sad year they came no longer forth with garlands to greet him. Outside the gates of the first village stood the new priests with crosses uplifted, and grim faces, and robes the color of the frozen fields.

For the first time in his life Spring knew fear. The gray priests uplifted the crosses and cursed him for a heathen spirit. In the village gateway the people peered out and cursed their playfellow. One little lad made to run from the gate to his side, but his mother struck him in the mouth. Then the boy Spring shrank back from them; nor came again to the villages.

"Late was the year that season. The corn rotted in the furrows, and the wheat in the drills, and the gilly-flowers at the doorsteps, and the children sickened at their mothers' knees. For in all the land there was not one to greet Spring, and he slunk sadly from copse to copse, hiding himself from every living thing.

"Summer came, and brooded sadly over the land; and Autumn fled away early with Winter whooping at his heels. Little was the harvest; little the store of grain in the bins; and by the next March the people were famine-pinched and gray.

"Now, there was one Yraon, a poet, who saw the first dim shadowings of leaves where Spring lay, and he crept out in the dawn, seeking among the

groves, singing the old songs under his breath, and crying to Spring of the sore need of the people. . . . And, Spring, hearing, came to him timidly.

" 'They are in want, ye say?' And Yraon bowed his head.

" 'But how shall I send them a message? They would cast me out,' said Spring heavily, and the tears ran out between his slim fingers, for he was but a lad.

" 'Send the hare,' said Yraon. 'He is kin to humankind, and they let him eat from their gardens.'

" 'And a gift?' said Spring. 'They will not harm him if he bring a gift.'

" 'Send him with a gift to the children,' said Yraon.

" 'Then I will send him with eggs," said Spring. 'My birds will give me one for every child in the village, and there is nothing the children love so much.'

"To every house in the village the little hare went, from manor to cot, leaving an egg for every child, rich or poor, baron's son or herdboy. In some he left the egg of the lark with its gift of song; in some the robin's blue egg for faithfulness and love; in some the little wren's for sweetness and housewifeliness; and in some the thrush's for rollicking gaiety. Everywhere he laid the gift of Spring. At last he came to the altar, where the old priest slept, and the tapers burnt low with the dawn. Trembling, the little hare crept to the lowest step, and laid upon it the last egg in his basket—the egg of a dove.

"And lo, a miracle! The old priest woke at the rush and flutter of wings, for the chapel was filled with white doves rising and soaring, circling and sweeping, above the altar, and at the lowest step quivered the little brown hare, the messenger of Spring.

"They had keen eyes in those days. The old priest understood, and he lifted his wrinkled hand in blessing above the little hare.

" 'Peace go with thee, my brother,' he said gravely, 'and with thy master. It is a sign from above. We bar his way no more.'

"Yet, since then, although Spring comes every year to the fields, he rollicks no more in the villages, but rather comes quietly among the copses and meadows, singing softly under his breath, and none see him but those who journey to his woodland house. As we have done, sweetheart."

Softly Yvaine laid her slim hand on the singer's lips, and in the sudden hush a faint sweet echo of laughter floated among the silver birches—faint and sweet as a distant bell ringing once—but not again.

Mackay and Westminster Hall

By John F. Langan

THE Canadian West, is known as the land of [illegible] bigfish, big trees and bigger mountains, the land where cities grow from stump patches to metropolitan completeness in a few years. It is a land where big things grow and where big physical results are being achieved every day. But mere bigness will never make a district great. Greatness is a thing of the spirit. It is only as the west does big things in educational and religious lives that she will become great. The most striking evidence that the West is going to do great things as well as big ones is furnished by the history of Westminster Hall.

On the fifteenth of March, 1908, when Rev. John Mackay, D.D., the newly appointed Principal, arrived in Vancouver, the entire institution practically stood inside of his boots.

It is true there was a Board of Management and Senate who had called him to the position, but they had no clear idea as to what form the college was to assume, or what had better be done next. They had no money, no building, no libraries, no scholarships, no students even. The Principal went to work with a will, and for the first year did the work of three or four men. He carried on two complete courses of lectures, and a part of a third, did the correspondence, arranged for professors, solicited funds to carry on the work, and looked after the thousand and one details of administration while preaching twice every Sunday to get his work before the church.

Ten years before, he had spent four months in Vancouver, and had tested the mettle of her business men by getting them to organize a Y. M. C. A., which is to-day one of the strongest in the country. In those four months he made many firm friends who have been a source of great strength in his new work.

By the eighth of April four students had appeared, and classes were begun in the McGill University building. Three brilliant young teachers accepted the Principal's invitation to assist him in teaching for the first year—Prof. D. J. Fraser, D.D., LL.D., of Montreal; Prof. Richard Davidson, Ph.D., of Toronto; and Principal Robert Magill, Ph.D., of Halifax, and with their able assistance, together with that of a number of local men, the work of the first season was carried through.

Meanwhile, two friends in the East had given funds for founding libraries—Mrs. Archibald, of Toronto, $5,000 for the endowment of the Frederick W. Archibald Memorial Library, and the family of Mr. G. S. Vipond, of Montreal, $300 a year for the Frederick Cameron Vipond Memorial Library.

On the tenth of May possession was taken of a new building, purchased for the college by its Board on the first of that month. It was empty and bare and dirty then, but in ten days a miracle of transformation had been wrought. A Ladies' Auxiliary, with Mrs. P. McNaughton as President, and representatives from all churches within reach of Vancouver, was formed when the building was secured.

In the short period of ten days they had not only organized but collected over two thousand dollars, purchased the furnishings and had them in place, making the empty, dirty building into one of the most homelike and most beautifully furnished colleges in the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

From that time on they have maintained the furnishings and looked after the housekeeping arrangements of the college without a penny of cost or an hour of trouble to the Board of Management. The women of the west are worthy of the west.

The second year brought eighteen students in theology and nearly fifty in all departments, and teachers came from all over the world. From Canadian colleges, Drs. Gordon and Welsh, of Montreal, did splendid work and left their permanent impress on the whole country. But Scotland, too, sent her two most distinguished Biblical scholars and teachers, Drs. James Denny and George Adam Smith. Dr. Denny spent two months drawing men of all denominations from all over Canada to his special lectures, and charming students and congregations alike by his intense earnestness and simple goodness. Dr. George Adam Smith, newly made Principal of Aberdeen University, spent only four days in the city, but left a memory and inspiration that will not soon die. The coming of these men and the excellence of the work done all along the line has put Westminster Hall in less than two years in the very front rank of Canadian theological colleges, and has made it known throughout the English-speaking world When its name was chosen it was sought to make it as distinctive as possible. The Westminster confession is the standard of the faith of the church, and in the early days of Presbyterianism the school where ministers were trained was called "The Hall." These two distinctive titles were linked together into Westminster Hall, a name that is destined to live among the great names in Canadian religious history. That the last west is proud of it is

shown by the splendid way in which all classes in British Columbia and Alberta have rallied to its support. Every minister in these two provinces has shown himself at least interested, and many have exerted themselves to the full in its behalf. Pulpits everywhere are open for its staff, and all feel that this is their college and they are proud of it. Mr. G. F. Gibson, chairman of the Board of Management, and William Stephen, its first treasurer, and other laymen, have done splendid service.

Financially its record has been wonderful. Capt. and Mrs. J. J. Logan have given $40,000 to endow the Chair of New Testament, and nearly four hundred special subscribers have pledged an annual amount of nearly ten thousand dollars.

Messrs. David Morrice, Montreal, Price Ellison, M.L.A., of Vernon, and Alexander MacDougall, of Montreal, have each given scholarships of the annual value of $100, and the J. A. Logan family one of like amount. There are now nine scholarships, of the total annual value of about six hundred dollars, two libraries with an annual income of five hundred and fifty dollars. The Logan Chair of New Testament is endowed, the whole building beautifully equipped at a total cost of about three thousand dollars, and premises worth over thirty thousand dollars, with only a debt of about fifteen thousand dollars on it.

During the first year Principal Mackay was the only permanent member of the staff, but in June, 1909, Rev. Geo. C. Pidgeon, of West Toronto, one of the most brilliant and popular ministers of the church in the East heard the call of Westminster Hall and joined fortunes with it.

For 1910, besides the Principal and Dr. Pidgeon, Mr. D. J. Fraser, of Montreal, Dr. Wichee, of San Auselino, Cal., Dr. Jordan, of Queen's, and Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Toronto University, were on the teaching staff in addition to one of the most brilliant teachers of the old land, Prof. J. J. Anderson Scott, D.D., of Cambridge, England.

The Pacific slope is the strategic centre of the world movements of the twentieth century, as they affect the British Empire. Here Orient meets Occident, here Australia and New Zealand meet the last outpost of the Empire, facing to the far east. For all the problems of the new age, the far west is not far off, but vitally central.

All world problems are in the last analysis spiritual and can only be solved along religious lines. A theological college equal to the world's best, standing at the heart of the life of that golden last west to which the eyes of the whole world are turning, can exert a tremendous influence for peace and purity and all round righteousness which alone "maketh a nation great."

Westminster Hall has pointed the way to three churches, and when they, too, have planted strong and efficient colleges within the sound of the Pacific, there will be a centre of theological light and leading second to none in Canada.

By such institutions as this, the West is going to become great. If the men of the West see the vision of the glory that awaits it in the future years of this new century, they will see to it that Westminster Hall and all similar institutions stand strong and efficient for the greatest of all works which it is given them to do.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

AN APRIL FOOL

"The first day of April
Hunt the gowk another mile."

AN APRIL "gowk" is an April Fool. The term is very familiar to all upon these shores who know the North Countree. It is there the popular name for the cuckoo, which between you and me is no fool but an artful grafter. The gowk of Scotland is "gowk" in Norse and "gaek" in Swede. Naturally the Indian term is Gaekwar and Baroda is the haunt of the Fool of the Durbar.

There have been many guesses and some plausible suggestions made to account for the April fool custom but no one younger than Noah will confess to any knowledge of it. And Noah is as dead as Marley's Ghost. When they make an April fool north of the Tweed they will tell you one has gone on a "gowk's" errand. Sometimes the person played upon is sent with a letter which tells the recipient to "hunt the gowk another mile," and so on he goes from one to another till the poor fellow stops from exhaustion. There is an old story told of a beggar on the Scottish border supposed to have been the original of Scott's "Edie Ochiltree," who once went to visit one of his patrons—a poor Scotch laird, who had recently erected an expensive and fantastic mansion of which he was very vain, and which but ill corresponded with his rank or his resources. The beggar was standing leaning over his pike-staff, looking very attentively at the edifice when the laird came forth and accosted him.

"Weel, Andrew, you're admiring our handiworks here?"

"A weel am I, sir".

"And what think ye of them, Andrew?"

"I just think ye hae thrawn awa' twa estates, and built a gowk's nest," was the pithy reply.

The most horrifying example of an April fool that ever came the way of the writer was one time that the first of April fell on a Sunday. A clergyman—a specialist in his line—was billed to preach in a remote Irish village. When the worthy man climbed the little stairway leading to the pulpit the congregation was staggered at the sight of a lady's bustle pinned in the spot where it belonged to the outside of his sacredotal garment. The outraged Beadle gasped. The Sexton closed his eyes, and a child's laughter rang shrill. But no one dared to move. And the child's crime, as I have reason to remember, was expiated later by the application—in the hands of a solemn parent—of a sharp birch to the official spot. On investigation the bustle proved to belong to my mother.

Who had abstracted it and pinned it to the clergyman's surplice "only the Divil himself knew," as the cook said. "And the Divil never goes to confession."

A CRY FROM THE WEST

AT times the Pedlar on his leisurely journeyings picks up a letter which he finds in his path and pops it into his pack for future reference. Such a one from a woman living on a ranch in the Western States asks for attention.

"A living death," is what this correspondent calls life on the farm. She draws a dark picture, but let us look at it for a moment.

"There is not ink enough on earth," she cries despairingly, "to describe the tortures of the women of South Dakota, and the women of the farm! It beggars description. Fifty miles from a doctor; several from a neighbor, and—the most awful, inhuman part of it all—a woman cannot claim a chicken off the farm. A woman in South Dakota should never say 'home', she should say 'my husband's home', because in reality, and according to law, she does not own a leg of a chair in her own home." This lady concludes with an appeal to agitate against "the laws affecting married women in South Dakota. Women marrying in those districts should have half of the property owned by the man before marriage, and half of all accumulated afterwards. This is only fair and just." Much more follows to the same purpose.

As though to substantiate in a fashion what this lady writes, an article on "The Farm" in a recent authoritative publication throws a further and equally sinister light upon the argument. The young wife was warned by her friends that she could not keep up her habits of neatness, wear her pretty dresses, exercise her accomplishment of piano playing, continue her reading, visit her neighbor and do all the daily work expected of a farmer's wife on a western ranch. But with gaiety of heart and the delightful assurance of youth, she waved all this aside and began the task which almost killed her. It did not occur to her that she could be "pushed, driven, dragged or otherwise coerced" into doing like those other women she heard about. She was quite sure she would never grow to look like her husband's mother and sisters—faded, wrinkled women, whose hands had grown horny with uncouth work, whose figures had gone to pieces, whose very hearts had withered in their breasts because of the endless monotony of work, the loneliness and drudgery of the life, and the nervous breakdown which was bound to come and which would hurry them to the madhouse or the grave.

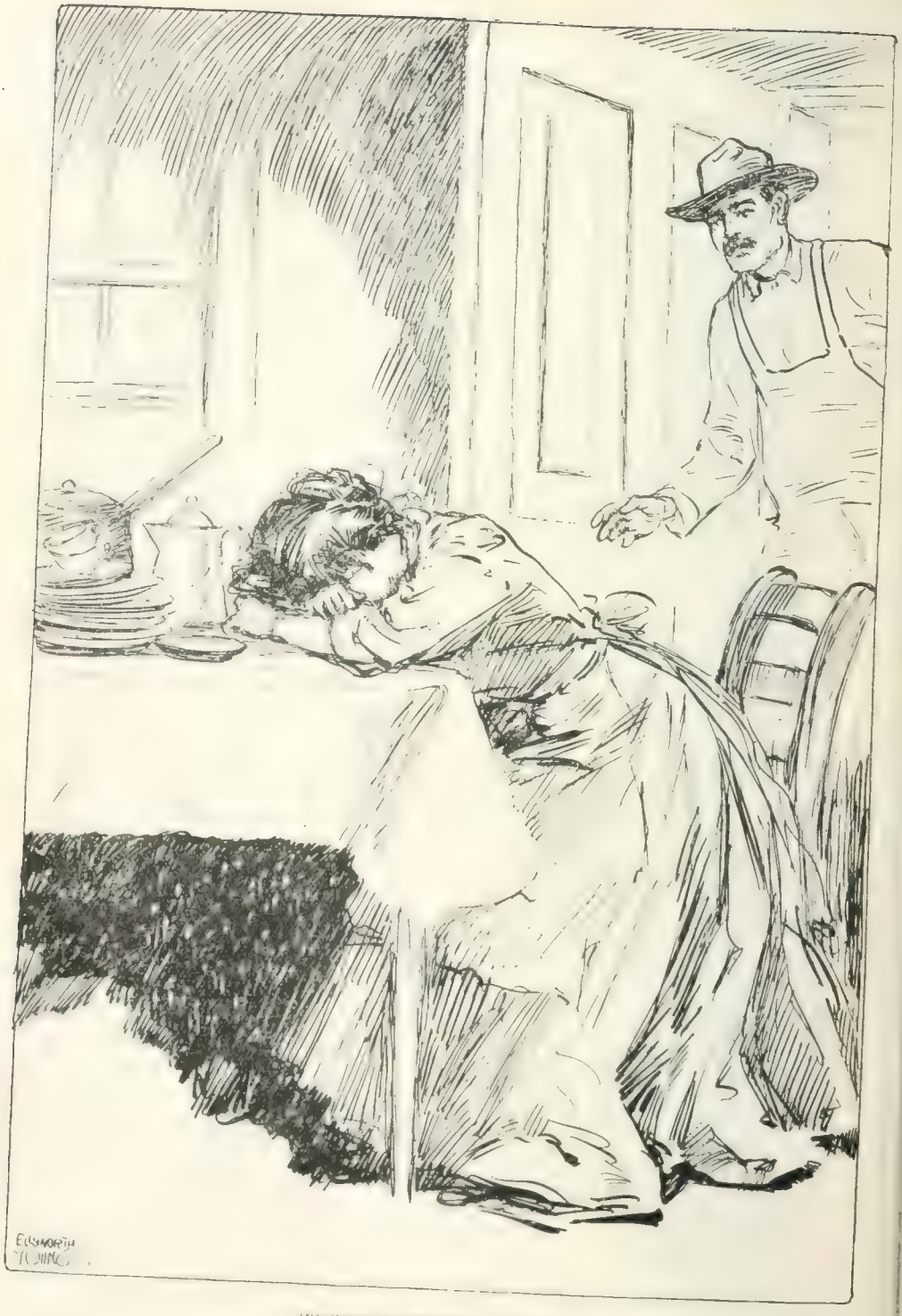
LIFE ON THE FARM

THE woman in the story—a real life story—loved her farmer husband. That love never wavered for a moment. On his part he was kind, gentle, and loving. He did everything he could to make the life as easy and pleasant as possible for the wife. He was well to do, and ambitious and hardworking along his own lines. The farmhouse, while new, and fresh, and even dainty in its fittings, was without those conveniences which make work so much lighter for the housewife. There was no sink, no bathroom, no water laid on. There were neither china closets nor book shelves, and there was no getting female help later when the baby came, save such desultory help as happened along for a few days at a time. But the young wife made light of these things at first. Her husband drew the water from the well, and split the kindling and piled the wood. He also provided the wife with a horse and buggy of her own which she drove to church or town or used when visiting the neighbors. You can see that Love ruled the roost here from the beginning; that the man was kind and considerate, the wife capable, eager, and willing.

How then did they "fall down" on the situation? How could such a splendid, hopeful beginning end in disaster and break-up?

WORK AN ENDLESS CHAIN

IT DID so mainly through the man's ambition to buy land and increase and improve his farm equipment.



THE WIFE LOST PEACE AND BEAUTY

Everything went into the farm. The man rode all day over his land overseeing the work. He went for the mail and stopped to converse with friends and gossips in the village. Every day brought him some recreation, some mingling with his fellows. At night, tired out after so many hours in the fresh air, he fell into a sound sleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. At times he worked with his men, and, as his land increased, he had to hire more help, buy new machinery, extend his outhouses and farm buildings. Had you asked him about his work he would reply in a surprised tone that he knew few men who labored as hard and heavily as he.

His wife rose at four, built her fire, and had breakfast on the table when the hands returned from milking and feeding. Breakfast done and the milk put away and the dishes stacked, she raced through chicken feeding, egg hunting, fruit and vegetable collecting for the dinner. She flew through her house-work, sweeping, dusting, setting to rights; then off to the kitchen where the pile of dishes stood awaiting her. She got them cleaned up, prepared the vegetables, made hot bread, baked the meat, got ready some sort of dessert—in fact put down a splendid dinner for husband and four hands when they trooped in at noon from the field. After dinner came another stack of dishes, churning, cutting out soap, picking (in summer) fruit and canning same. An hour was spent mending and making with the help of the machine, then there was supper to get ready. Another cleaning up, and at night a woman so tired that sleep was impossible owing to muscle-twitching and ache in the bones. This before the baby came, when an "ignorant stupid quack" was the only help this woman could get when her hour was upon her.

Every day brought its own heap of work. There was washing and ironing and baking and soap-making. The horse had long since been impressed into farm work. The husband had gone on buying land and engaging help until sometimes thirty men had to be fed. There was no getting anything like permanent female help where this couple lived. It became too much. The wife lost heart and health. The end came in sickness and breakdown. When the wife was down and out, the man was left to face all the work. What happened is told by the woman in this significant sentence:—

"I could not lift a hand or move myself in any way. My mind, however, was perfectly clear. I saw, as distinctly as things are supposed to be revealed in visions, that it had taken but five days of what I had stood for years, to turn a good man into a brutal savage."

You have now before you, in parts, the letter and the story. The letter is dated from Mitchell but a few weeks back. The story was related about the same time. An odd coincidence. Is the dark picture painted in broad quick strokes so quickly in the letter one on which you would wish to gaze? Is the story true?

AND WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?

A WOMAN bending over a crystal sees this: There are two women in the crystal. The woman who is looking into the glass knows both of them. She sees one seated before a desk sorting papers. Behind her steals the other woman, crouching, a dagger in her hand. A mist comes over the crystal. When it clears, the dagger is seen embedded between the shoulders of the woman who is seated. The other woman has vanished.

That evening a letter is despatched to one living in a foreign country by the woman who saw the murder committed in the crystal. She writes:—

"I have seen this day something that makes me shudder even as I write of it. You are seriously threatened. Your very life is in peril. I dare say no more than this; beware of Madame G—. I saw her and you together not an hour ago in the magic crystal. Do not laugh. Deep in your soul you believe in Spiritualism. It was at the house of A—— here in London that I saw you in the crystal. You know that he is the greatest medium the world has ever produced. You have experienced his uncanny influence

yourself. Believe me or not, some great peril is hanging over you. Your star appeared through glass which seemed to be smoked. When I pointed this out A—— said 'That is the death sign. I have never known it to fail. Your friend is in danger. I see——' here he trailed into a trance. It was while he was apparently insensible that the story unfolded in the glass globe. I am losing no time in setting as much of it as I care to tell you down here."

Late that night a wire crossed Russia asking for details. None were forthcoming, and the matter died away

Six months later a woman was found murdered under certain conditions. It was the woman who was seen to be stabbed in the crystal but she was poisoned, not killed with the knife And Madame G—— who was seen in the magic glass murdering her, was half a world away at the time! The letter quoted above was discovered among the dead woman's effects and the writer and Madame G were sought for. They were not found. In a night Madame G had disappeared. Nor could either of them be traced. They may have been Revolutionaries and have vanished as such people do, never to be seen again. The sensation faded away with the burial of the murdered woman at her home in Northern Russia.

A trial is being held in India at the time of this writing which recalls that old story. A Miss Orme, aged fifty, was found dead in her bed at the Savoy Hotel in Mussoorie, the cause, poisoning by prussic acid. Her companion, Miss Mount-Stephens, was arrested and charged with the crime. At the trial going on as I write, it comes out that this lady companion told her employer that she saw her being stabbed by another woman in a magic crystal. Yet Miss Orme is not stabbed and dies by poison administered—by whom? That is for the courts to say. The stories are remarkably alike in the matter of crystal gazing. Did you ever look into a magic crystal? I did once and I saw—an ass.

THE WOMAN WHO IS LOOKING INTO THE GLASS KNOWS BOTH OF THEM

IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER

THE other day a woman living in a town across the line, was convicted of being a "common scold." Instead of having—as the neighbors suggested—the ducking stool revived for her benefit, the judge put it down to "nerves," and advised the services of a specialist.

But the "brank" would have suited the case and the lady better. An extraordinary instrument the Brank! It is—I saw a pair of branks in the Tower of London—a sugar loafed hat made of iron hoops with a cross at the top and a flat piece projecting inwards

to lay upon the tongue. This was fixed on the head of "the patient" who, led by a rope was marched through the town for admiring friends to view.

Did you ever happen to get a permit to see the dungeons and torture chamber in the bowels of the Tower? You go down a steep stone stair into a very long, very dark, very grim place where on the stone floor, the holes in which the rack was fixed for the torture, are still visible. It is the terrible dungeon of the White Tower, this, where Anne Askew was stretched, and Wyatt was tortured. They are the very same flags and walls where one can see the marks made by the horrible Scavenger's Daughter, where, if you like, you can finger the spikes of the Spanish collar, and stand over the covered Pit where in the red days of Mary and Elizabeth the rats ate at their leisure—of living human flesh. The jolly old Beefeater who shows you about may even open for you the door of black oak built by William Rufus many a century ago, and you will look in on the "Little Ease" a scooped hollow in the thick wall, where in the "good old times," conspirators, bishops and women were tortured, and from it, through a breach in the wall, you can look into a black void, in which your voice when you speak booms and reverberates until it is finally lost in far cavernous corners. Here, behind walls eighteen feet thick lay at one time over a hundred Jews imprisoned that money might be wrung from them to pay for the follies of a Stuart's profligate court. But lest I ramble too far, and am forgotten and locked up in this replica of the worst hell the imagination may picture—even Hades' fire would be cheerful—I must burrow deeper to the little dungeon where the fashionable tortures of the time were kept for women—iron toques, steel spiked mantles, boots of metal, and such interesting garments of cruelty. The Merry Whirligig for gadding wives is the most humorous of these. It is a cage, a round wooden cage turning on a pivot in which the poor gossip was sent endlessly spinning at frightful velocity. "If you will gad, Mistress, why take a good dose o' it."

"ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'M PACKING UP!" WAS THE POOR FELLOW'S ANSWER

It is whispered that near by were holes through which husbands could peer while their wives were thus merry-go-rounding. For them, in their turn, there was the Drunkard's Cloak—a tub worn bottom upwards, there being a hole for the head, and two smaller holes in the sides for the hands to pass through. This machine proved to be the best cold cure yet discovered, for no man was seen to wear it twice.

Well, other times, other manners. We have the Indian list for the drunkards while we let the ladies—God bless them!—gad and gossip where they please.

THE MAN OF FORTY

SOME talk has arisen lately over that very poor Oslerian joke re the men of forty and sixty. A certain reporter went the rounds among the six and seven decade men and discovered that nine out of every ten held governing positions: nine out of ten were actively engaged in business and finance. In fact the men of sixty-five or thereabouts proved to be the most

alert of any. Which brings to mind a story.

A poor fellow of an age was looking for a job as a comedian. He was about as funny as a crutch and had lost jobs faster than he could get new ones, but after many ups and downs he was given a "tryout" in a pretty good company.

The Manager watched his work from front that night and thought it pretty good. "I'll just sign that chap up, he mused as he went back of the scenes. He knocked on the funny man's dressing room door.

"Who's there?" came in response to the rat-tat.

"It's the manager of the show," was the reply.

"All right—all right! I'm packing up!" replied the poor fellow in a wavering voice.

It doesn't pay to lose heart at any old age when one is hunting a job, does it?

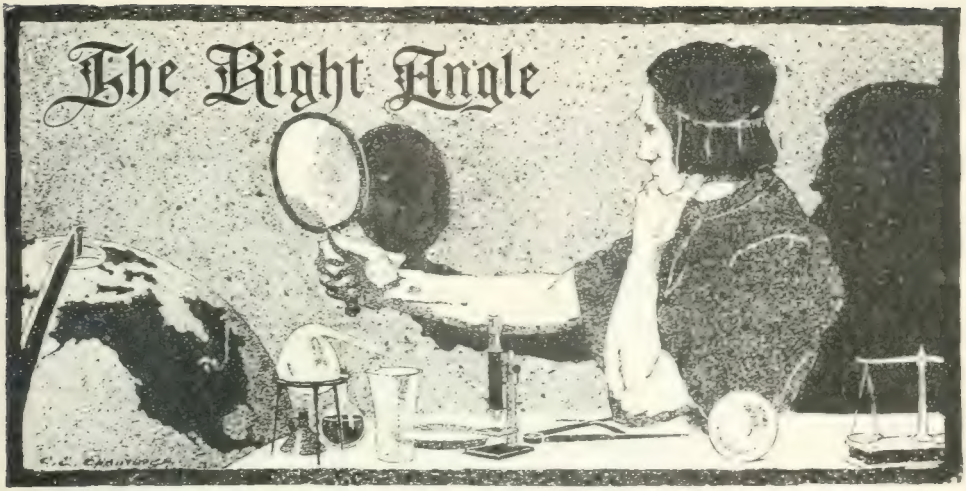
THE CONVERSATION

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE parlor light was low and dim.
Yet not too dim and not too low;
He talked to her and she talked to him—
Yet what they said they did not know.
They talked about the latest play,
They chatted of the newest book,
But somehow each one seemed to say
A different thing with smile and look.

They talked about the flood in France,
And of the row at England's polls,
Of an amusing circumstance,
Of chocolate, of breakfast rolls.
Of making change on trolley cars,
Of pictures in a magazine,
Of what they put in good cigars,
Of how to crank a big machine.

At last he said that he must go;
It took some time to say "Good night"—
The parlor lamp burned dim and low,
But both their hearts were glad and light.
In conversation aptly led,
The evening had been nicely spent,
Though neither knew what either said,
Each knew just what the other meant.



NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER?

ROALD AMUNDSEN is a man of imagination, but he does not know it. His discovery of the South Pole was a matter of fact performance. There is no tinge of fancy in anything he has said about it. Yet an endowment of high imagination was necessary to the conception, and the first prompting could only have originated in a splendid dream. So it has been with all the discoverers, save only Balboa, who found himself looking at the Pacific from that "peak in Darien" with something of disgust, for he was after gold, not water. Columbus, Cabot, Vespucci, Drake, and the whole illustrious line of continent finders, followed high visions to vast realizations. They made their dreams come true, as Amundsen has done.

To every intent, Captain Scott synchronized his location of absolute south, with that of Amundsen, and Scott is another of the same kind, though less picturesque in his outer acts. Amundsen made the North-west Passage in 1909. He was the first man to demonstrate northern continental limits, and show open water around the north end of the earth's axis, an achievement on which any man might have rested the right to fame. Anybody else would have roared it to the world from the first telegraph station. Instead of that, he wired an urgent request for an immediate remittance of funds, from which the world drew the startled inference that he must have made the passage, because he was alive, though broke.

The century is not yet twelve years old, but it has brought wondrous things. No principal point or part of the earth's surface remains now unvisited or unknown. The quest for the poles has come to an end, after almost three hundred years of terrific strain, and the loss of many, many lives. Two years ago England's thousand years of isolation was ended by Bleriot's flight across the Channel. A year earlier Zeppelin had carried passengers through the air, across the Alps. Three years before that, the Wright Brothers made sustained mechanical flights. Still earlier, Sir Oliver Lodge had found means to utilize the Herzian waves. Marconi followed with his coherer, and intelligence began to pulse over long distances by electric agitation, without wires. An up-rush of minor invention that, in other days, would have been astounding, has accompanied these great things, so fast and yet so quietly that the people have scarce made note, though they affect the conditions of life at their very base. If the man of a hundred years ago could wake up for an hour, what he would see would send him hustling back to his grave, appalled and shaken. We are only in the beginning of a new order, even at that. It is probable that if any of us now living could similarly wake for a moment a hundred years hence, we could not pull the sod up over us again half quickly enough.

THE CASE OF DOCTOR SINGH

WHAT is to be done about the Sikhs in Canada? This long standing and unpleasant question has become acute once more in the case of Dr. Sunder Singh, who is raising a vigorous protest against what he believes to be a personal persecution. Doctor Singh is a physician, holding degrees from Glasgow and London, who is now endeavoring to win a professional footing in Vancouver.

Opposed to this apparently legitimate effort stands a charge that his presence in Canada is a violation of the immigration regulations, and that he has evaded an order for deportation. He denies it.

According to the terms of his denial, he is here by right, and has within the last three years waited upon high officials of the Dominion, one of them being "the minister in charge of deportations," and has moved about freely, with no attempt to evade anything. He seems to believe that this hostility arose out of his repeated pleas for his people, amounting to a sustained demand that they be exempted from restrictions originally intended for Chinese and other Asiatics of a wholly different order.

It may be conceded to Doctor Singh that he has had comparatively little to say about himself. He might have said much, for he has a record in the British schools, and the credit of a year's successful service as medical officer aboard an ocean steamer. Moreover he is reputed to have brought $1,000 with him when he came over. By ordinary comity therefore, he stands upon definite privilege, apart from the immigrant class. The specific accusation is that he did not come into Canada by the direct route from his place of origin, a thing obviously impossible because of his intervening residence in Great Britain. This direct route requirement is the one against which he has argued most steadfastly, and the difficulty of doing anything about or to it without inviting trouble through discriminating against orientals of other races is probably responsible for the irritation that has reacted to his present discomfort.

British Columbia is sensitive on the subject, for good and well known reasons, heartily shared by the Pacific states of the Union. It is embarrassing, for that part of the country is in pressing need of labor, and white labor is not to be had. To give objectionable orientals a permanent place in the population would never do at all, and Doctor Singh declines to accept the expediency of a temporary presence. He contends that the Sikhs, being of Aryan stock, and moreover subjects of the Empire, with a proud record of loyalty to the crown and brave service in the field, should be exempted from the rules against alien and (as he views them) inferior peoples, even those of the lowlands of India who are moved in masses under labor contracts. He complains that the direct route order, passed in council about two years ago, required that the wife of a Sikh must travel by one continuous route all the way from India to Canada. There is no such continuous route. The journey would have to be broken.

These governmental measures were not idly taken, but the reasons why and the necessity for their continuance do not appear to have essential bearing on the case of Doctor Singh himself. He is not a coolie. He never has loomed as a possible charge upon the public. Trouble would seem to have fallen upon him, not because he is here in person, rightly or otherwise, but because he has attacked a labor condition, or something that indirectly affects a labor condition. That is, he has not scrupled to exercise the right of the freeborn to free speech. Why should he be denied that right, or deported because of its exercise? Oral agitation of any open question is not a thing to be afraid of, or made a cause of personal oppression. To admit that it could, would be to confess a weakness amounting to national stultification. Why not hear him for his cause? If he fails to sustain it, no harm is done. If he can sustain it, good may follow. This is not the country nor the time for putting the gag upon any man who peaceably states his opinions or argues his beliefs respecting any matter of public policy.

LITTLE GREY SONGS

ABOUT three years ago a working girl slipped and fell on an icy pavement, and was carried to a Catholic hospital near by. The fall had broken a hip bone, and it was found she had a serious spinal disorder. She was half famished at the time. She said her name was Leonie, but that was all. She was quite alone in the world. For two years she lay on a hospital cot, never complaining, always gentle and appreciative. Now and then she wrote what she called "little letters" to herself, and put them under her pillow. After her death, Sister Josephine of the hospital gathered these writings, and found them wonderful and strange. It so happened Sister Josephine was a woman of cultivation and insight. She sought about, and easily found a publisher (Houghton, Mifflin & Company). The book had immediate appeal, for the "letters" were poems showing a sense of profound things. They glimpsed knowledge of a long arc in the cycle of life, and their manner of expression was simple, yet very clear—the mark of a rare poet. Here is one of them:

My little soul I never saw,
Nor can I count its days;
I do not know its wondrous law
And yet I know its ways.

O, it is young as morning hours,
And old as is the night;
O, it has growth of budding flowers,
Yet tastes my body's blight.

And it is silent and apart,
And far and fair and still,
Yet ever beats within my heart,
And cries within my will.

And it is light and bright and strange,
And sees life far away,
Yet far with near can interchange
And dwell within the day.

My soul has died a thousand deaths,
And yet it does not die;
My soul has broke a thousand faiths,
And yet it can not lie.

My soul—there's naught can make it less;
My soul—there's naught can mar;
Yet here it weeps with loneliness,
Within its lonely star.

My soul—not any dark can bind,
Nor hinder any hand,
Yet here it weeps—long blind, long blind—
And cannot understand.

It is a wistful case. A finely attuned genius stumbles upon the surface of our sorrowful star, and stays only long enough to give us some few sounds and tones from the celestial country, and then goes home again. An angel visit.

IMMORTAL CHESTNUTS

A KINDLY reader takes pains to point out that a "Chestnut and Cheese" story printed in our February number is "a very old one." It relates to the drunken gentleman who collided continually with one small tree until he believed himself lost in an impenetrable forest. The kindly reader is right. The story is old. It was stepping on its own beard when Noah was busy with the ark. The fact of its age does not affect its quality in the least, unless to make it mellow, and richer than most new ones. Look at the heading of the department in which it was printed—"Chestnuts and Cheese". Does that mean fresh mintage? The contrary, rather. It means good things, old or new.

Baring-Gould tells us in his "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages" that there are no new stories, all being variants of seven original roots. What of it? Everybody knows that a few of the most hoary go on forever, through comparatively brief alternations of remembrance and oblivion. The impenetrable forest one goes with that other aged tale of the midnight derelict who circled the outside of a paling around a public monument until he made the discouraging discovery that he was fenced in for life; and with the Irish explanation that all blackberries are red when they are green, and the regret of the Dublin vagabond that he could not be measured for new clothes because he was that ticklish.

This kind of dope springs eternal. It is "just as good", and mayhap better, if you've never heard it before. It takes a mighty funny joke to live forever, but there are many such that age can not wither, nor custom get a chance to stale; which may be one of the perfectly sound reasons why there is nothing new under the sun. A chestnut is not ashes in the mouth, but a thing always of sweet flavor.

THE DAY THAT IT WAS RAINING

THE day that it was raining
She hurried through the town,
And all the little raindrops flashed
Like jewels coming down.
They called to one another,
Delighted as they were—
And though there was not any sun
A rainbow came with her.

The raindrops tapped the windows
For folk to look without;
They roused the lazy flowerets
That slumbered roundabout;
The raindrops all were laughing
Instead of being tears—
Such a gay rain has not been known
In half a hundred years.

The day that it was raining
She came along the street,
And all the little raindrops ran
To dance about her feet.
And so, where'er she wanders,
Down street or shady lane,
The folk that look upon her see
The sunshine in the rain.

IT IS far better to take things as they come than it is to miss them as they go.

THE CHEMISTRY OF FASHION

"AH!" exclaims the arbiter of fashion. "I have it!"

In a moment, however, his look of delight changes to one of perplexity.

"It would be splendid," he says. "This year we have made woman the shape of a test tube. If I can only scheme some way to make her the shape of a retort next year——. But I fear that is impossible."

"I thought you knew women better than to say that," observes his assistant scornfully.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

JUDGING FROM RESULTS

THERE used to be a police judge in a Kentucky town who liked a toddy before his dinner. In the same town a newcomer started a distillery whose product before long was famous for its fire and its potency.

One day, after court adjourned, the old judge was sipping a toddy at his favorite bar when a friend came in.

"Judge," said his friend, "did you ever try any of the new whisky they're making down the street here?"

"No," said the judge; "but I reckin I've tried everybody that did try it."

NATURE is said to be infallible, yet it gave the rooster a comb and no hair.

WAY DOWN SOUTH

"SOME of those Southern roadbeds are pretty rough," the commercial traveler remarked. "I remember on one occasion ordering soft fried eggs for breakfast in the dining car. After I'd waited quite a while the colored waiter returned and said: "Sorry 'bout dem fried eggs, boss. De cook says de road's so rough dat ebery time he tries to fry eggs dey scrambles."